

RELIGIOUS AND PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL

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Truth bears no mask, bows at no human shrine, seeks neither place nor applause; she only asks a hearing.

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CHICAGO, AUGUST 5, 1871.

VOL. X.—NO. 20.

Original Poetry.

Written for the Religious and Philosophical Journal.
DEBARRIED BY THE SLOPE.

BY C. A. LOWE.

I dreamed I rested on the slope
Of a bleak mountain, lone and high.
After weeping and joy and hope,
Above I heard the eagle's cry.

"And here," I said, "I will abide,
Afar from cruelty and wrong;
No human life shall trouble me,
And Nature here will make me strong."

Thus day by day and hour by hour
I waited Nature's touch in vain;
More silent grew, and suffered more,
From older grief, from present pain.

Till weary of my aimless life,
I sought the haunts of men again,
Grieved for their hate, deplored their strife,
Hoped with their hopes and felt their pain.

My dream is past, my strength renewed,
My lesson practiced day by day;
Self-love's exclusive pride,
I trample walk my destined way.

THE NEW FORCE.

A Scientific Testing of Mr. Home the So-Called Spiritualist—Curious Phenomena.

The Popular Science Review for July, which is edited by Mr. Crookes, an eminent chemist, and a Fellow of the Royal Society, contains an account by himself—partly confirmed and attested also by Dr. Huggins, the eminent astronomer, whose great and quite recent services in relation to the astronomical application of spectrum analysis have been acknowledged in all quarters, and who is one of the most distinguished members of the Royal Society, and by Mr. Sergeant Cox, both of whom were present—of some very curious experiments made on Mr. Home's asserted physical powers as a medium, as it is called, though, of course, no countenance is lent by the experimenter or his friends to the hypothesis of the agency of invisible beings of which the word "medium" is a renegade. Mr. Crookes and Mr. Sergeant Cox have been so convinced that these experiments prove the existence of a peculiar force which they call "psychic," proceeding directly from the nervous system of specially constituted persons, and which is exerted independently of the material system, probably propagated, suggests Mr. Sergeant Cox, who, as the least scientific, is the most cautious and reserved in his statements. He gives in his general address to Mr. Crookes' account of the experiments—"your proof appears to me to contain a correct statement of what took place in my presence at my house, but as to one of the most curious facts involved in it—namely, that an accordion continued to float about 'without any visible support' in the copper-wire cage contrived for it by Mr. Crookes, after Mr. Home's hand had been entirely withdrawn, and under these circumstances, these experiments, which were probably suggested by Mr. Crookes, and by the person sitting on the other side of Mr. Home." He adds, "the experiments appear to me to show the importance of further investigation; but I wish it to be understood that I express no opinion as to the cause of the phenomena which took place." Dr. Huggins' evidence is of the greater weight, so far as it goes, from the great caution and reserve with which he gives it. He appears to confer generally the accuracy of Mr. Crookes' description, except as to the performance of the cage accordions, when Mr. Home's hand was removed; but he evidently does not regard the experiments as going further than to justify and even show "the importance" of further investigation. Even this from such a witness as Dr. Huggins is remarkable testimony.

But what was the precise nature of the facts to which, supposing them to be simply authenticated by future tests, such as Dr. Huggins himself would regard as satisfactory, these experiments point? It is in this that the presence of certain specially gifted or specially organized individuals (whether the facts, if true, depend on the organization, or on the power of will, or on the nervous sensibility—is a word on what they do depend—is at present all a matter of speculation), a force developed, which produces, without contact, many of the results of muscular effort directed by a trained muscular taste and ear. For example, Mr. Crookes (all whose test machinery had been prepared without the smallest knowledge on Mr. Home's part, Mr. Home seeing it for the first time when he entered Mr. Crookes' house, had prepared a mahogany box three feet long by nine and one-half inches wide, and one inch thick, one end of which rested on a firm table, and the other was supported by "a sliding beam hanging from a substation tripod stand," with a "self-regulating index" attached. Thus, any pressure ex-

erted on this board at any point nearer to the balance than the spot where it was supported on the table, tended to depress the end supported by the balance to an extent registered by the index—the board moving round the table-support, and as round a fulcrum. Mr. Crookes, to test the balance, stood on one foot at the end of the board nearest the table, and Dr. Huggins said that the whole weight of his body then applied (140 pounds) only sank the index at the other end to an amount equivalent to one and a half pounds if applied to the balance-end when he stood still, and to two pounds when he jerked up and down. Mr. Home, sitting in a low easy chair, simply applied his fingers lightly to the exact point where the board rested on the table (so that, even had pressure there would have been only Mr. Crookes' both seemed to have waited instead of depressing the other end of the mahogany board), and under these conditions the opposite end was depressed by an amount which varied, as if in waves, between three and one-half pounds and six pounds, which was the maximum variation.

This experiment was in some respects the most curious, as being the one which was in every respect most above-board—both literally and morally—and which was apparently fully attested by Dr. Huggins, as well as by Mr. Sergeant Cox and Mr. Crookes. It repeated often enough in the presence of competent witnesses, it would undoubtedly show the real existence of some new force not due to muscular exertion.

The other experiment was made with an accordion imprisoned in a drum-shaped cage of Mr. Crookes' own invention, the cage being made of lathes of wood and copper-wire to prevent access from outside; but this cage was placed beneath the table, and though Mr. Sergeant Cox appeared to be very careful to guarantee that Mr. Home was not juggling, there can hardly be so much confidence placed in the reality of the facts as in the case of the lower experiment. The cage was made as to surround the accordion entirely, but not quite to touch the top of the table, leaving space enough to admit one of Mr. Home's hands so far as to enable him to hold the accordion by the top. Two observers on each side kept their feet on Mr. Home's feet to prevent any use of them, and one of Mr. Home's hands was placed on the table and carefully observed, the other at first held the accordion by the top, but the rest of the accordion was held in his hand, so as to be inaccessible. Held in this position, the accordion first began to vibrate and then to play tunes inside the cage. Mr. Crookes avers that he put his hand on that hand of Mr. Home which held the instrument, and that he found it absolutely still at the very moment the instrument was played. Nay, he asserts, as we have already stated, that when Mr. Home removed his hand altogether and put both of them above the table, the accordion continued to float and play tunes inside the cage with no apparent support. Of course, as we have said, these asserted facts must be taken with great reserve, unless verified with sufficient repetition under every guarantee the scientific world may suggest. But should they be verified, and we think the existing testimony is quite sufficient to make this hypothesis conceivable, a good many more matters should be carefully investigated; for instance, this—whether any tune could be so played which Mr. Home himself could not play on the accordion, or any tune which one of the persons present were able to play on the accordion, or any tune which those present were even acquainted, or whether, if none of these cases happened, it was only Mr. Home's knowledge of music, or indifferently that of any other of the persons present, which was sufficient to represent. One thing is certain, that if the facts asserted be true at all, the force moving the accordion must be in some way connected with a musically educated mind. The wind does not execute even a "well-known sweet and plaintive melody" on the æolian harp. The mind is the only thing which can clearly have been governed by the musical associations of some mind, and whether these were voluntary or involuntary—and either one or the other is quite conceivable—it would be possible, one would think, to determine the mind in which the tunes originated. Supporting the fact established, there is in it little that is more wonderful than the power of absolutely writing by telegraph, so that specific vibrations given to the wires at one end, cause given words to be written off at the other—of course, if there really be a "nervous atmosphere of various intensity round each individual," the vibrations given to such an atmosphere by distinct acts of thought, might produce corresponding contractions in the accordion. This is, however, purely speculative; but these things are true at all, it must be determinable—where the mental source of the tune played by the accordion is, and no point could be of greater interest. The analogy would be close—though there would be one point difference—namely, that in the case of the mind sometimes called electro-biological. We have been repeatedly assured by men of the highest trustworthiness that the power belongs to men of certain temperament, to influence by strong silent will the action of certain organs, or, at least, to produce a great deal of silent effort—for instance, on the desire that a given man shall scratch the tip of his left ear, that man is at last compelled, with no knowledge whatever of the reason, to scratch the tip of his left ear. That such facts as these have been repeatedly verified, we believe, certainly. And the only difference in this case may be that the same kind of effort is produced on the motions of an inanimate object like an accordion—certainly most curious, as the facts we have seen to be, also, most common—but certainly, also, not more impossible than the others. What, however, we now wish to insist on is that

there is *prima facie* evidence, a true bill found, which ought to be sent for scientific trial, in relation to this matter. Even Dr. Huggins declares this much; and Dr. Huggins is an authority such as no scientific man will dare for a moment to dispute. Whether there be a "new force" on the one hand, or a "new power" on the other, is not yet proved; but that there is sufficient suspicion of the exertion of such a force to render it most desirable that the scientific world should either confirm or explode the hypothesis of its existence, and, in the former case, study its laws, is hardly disputable.

"Nerve Atmosphere."

From the Chicago Times.
The fact that riotous outbreaks occurred almost simultaneously in London, Vienna, Dublin and New York has been noted as greatly favoring the hypothesis that there is some subtle and secret means of mental communication between human beings physically far apart. "We need only to suppose," says a contemporary, "this globe to be surrounded by an invisible atmosphere which vibrates with the shock of mind as the air does with sound, to understand how a riotous spirit in New York can be transmitted to other three or four thousand miles away, without the intervention of any of the ordinary means of communicating thought and emotion."

Arrived from the fascination which such things always possess for imaginative and unphilosophical minds, there are numerous recorded facts that seem to support this particular one. Visionary as at first thought it appears to be. The argument from an epidemic mob or war spirit has its weight, but it is not nearly so strong as that supplied by the numerous recorded instances where the prevailing tidings have been borne long distances, as if upon the wings of light. Many of these might be cited, but one well-authenticated case will suffice. A number of years ago, a student in Amherst college fell from a scaffolding and sustained an injury of the spine from which he subsequently died. At the moment of the accident, the young man's mother, who was many miles distant, experienced a violent shock, and a great mental depression that some dreadful calamity had befallen her absent son. She felt her husband and induced him to consent to her immediate departure for Amherst.

Well-attested phenomena of this description present themselves by the hundreds. They cannot be set to the account of accident or the mere workings of disordered or highly excited minds. They are facts in the world of mind which remain to be accounted for. They are of a very different character, and far less questionable than pretended premonitions, which may generally be set down as mere fancy-workings of the mind. They are facts in the world of mind which remain to be accounted for. They are of a very different character, and far less questionable than pretended premonitions, which may generally be set down as mere fancy-workings of the mind. They are facts in the world of mind which remain to be accounted for. They are of a very different character, and far less questionable than pretended premonitions, which may generally be set down as mere fancy-workings of the mind.

The colonel's "premonition" does not greatly tax our philosophy. It may be readily accounted for on known principles. Not so of the tidings conveyed to the Massachusetts mother. Not so of the knowledge of his brother's death imparted to Louis de France, supposing the story of the Corsican brothers to be founded on fact. These are facts which our philosophy has not yet succeeded in explaining, and which we are forced to refer to some supernatural or hypothetical medium or agent of transmission, unless we reject them altogether; and that we cannot do without rejecting the testimony of thousands who can have no adequate motive for practicing deception. The premonition of the mother is by no means so strong as it is against the reality of premonitions, because they do not suppose fore-knowledge or supernatural intervention. They allege the communication of things past and known, and not of things future and unknown. They are, therefore, proper subjects of scientific inquiry.

Indeed, these phenomena are by no means wholly at variance with common experience. How often do we hear persons profess their ability to detect the presence of persons near them without the aid of recognized senses. And how often do we feel one's company to be agreeable, or the reverse, when we have neither seen nor heard him, but simply know that he is near. Probably all persons who have performed ill-gotten labor can testify that they have been engaged in writing, the mere silent and apparently harmless presence of certain persons is extremely annoying and distressing, while the presence of others may inspire a matter of indifference or a positive pleasure. These influences often appear to be wholly independent of previous impressions concerning the persons who silently exert them. These facts of common experience, as well as those of unusual occurrence before referred to, at least suggest that there may be some kind of "nerve atmosphere" around us, if indeed they do not prove that it does so at all times.

After making all allowance for imposture, the performances of the "mediums" give color to the supposition that such a "nerve atmosphere" as well as upon other minds in the world. For example, an experiment made by Mr. Home,

in the presence of the English investigators, is thus described:

"A lever was provided, so arranged that an ordinary man pressing with his whole weight on one end of it would exert a pressure at the other end—measured in spring balance—from one ounce to half to two pounds. Mr. Home, by merely touching the finger of one hand to this lever, at a point the last favorable to himself, produced a depression which the balance showed to be equal to from three and one-half to six pounds."

The investigators, Huggins, Crookes, and Cox, were satisfied that in this and other experiments equally strange no deception was practiced, and two of them were of opinion that the results were produced through the agency of what they call a "nerve atmosphere," enveloping the bodies of all men, but more intense in some cases than in others. May it not be that they have only obtained a glimpse of the truth? May it not appear eventually that this "nerve atmosphere" is something more than a personal emanation or attendant of each individual? May it not prove to be a universal medium, through which mind can transmit influences to remote mind and matter? May it not be that the difference between Home and ordinary mortals is that he knows how to avail himself of this medium, while they do not? There would be nothing more wonderful in this discovery than in some others that have been made since the world began. There is nothing more inherently improbable about the existence of a "nerve atmosphere" than there is about the known connection between mind and matter. The power a man possesses to raise his arm is wonderful and mysterious. The power to raise a stick or stone by nerve volition could hardly be more.

We forbear to speculate about the possible fruits of the discovery and development of a hitherto unsuspected power of mind over distant mind and over matter extraneous to the physical organism. Mr. Home's lever experiment is suggestive. By a touch of his finger, he exerts a force greater than that exerted by the weight of an ordinary man's body. Is steam then to be superseded by will? Why not? And what limit can be assigned to the power? If a whale, with his inferior brain, can propel himself with a force equal to that put forth by a good-sized steamboat, why may not the nobler brain of man pull up mountains by the roots by sheer volition? Is the telegraph to be superseded by the medium? Why not? If the Amherst student, untainted in the use of the nervous telegraphic telegraph, could notify his distant mother that he was dying with a broken back, surely the coming man of Darwin will be able to himself make market reports from Chicago to Hong Kong, or whisper the news to his friends at the antipodes, by agitating the mind air, as he will know how to do. Battles for the newspapers, in these days, when everybody will be in spirit-telegraphic rapport with every where!

The Philosophy of Life—Spiritualism—solves the mysterious problem. A guardian spirit of the son impressed the mother with the fact. To her it was a violent shock—a veritable reality.
—ED. RELIGIOUS-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.

From the Chicago Evening Post.

SPIRITUALISM.

A Lay Sermon.

A cable dispatch from London on Wednesday described the fact that Professor Crookes, Doctor Huggins and Sergeant Cox, three eminent English scholars, have at last resolved to enter upon a calm and fearless examination of the claims of the phenomena of Spiritualism, especially the phase of those phenomena that are now being so much talked of as the "mediums" now in Europe, Daniel D. Home.

This determination should be hailed with warm approval by the thinking world. For some twenty years, now, the attitude of learned and vigorous men, who have been generally toward the development of this curious system which is called Spiritualism, has been simply disgraceful to science. Like common superstitions, they have hesitated to cross what Emerson calls "the great ill-fated land of the marvellous," when the principal purpose and mission of science is to demonstrate that there is no such realm within the sight of mortals. Compels it right when he predicates that all sublimity things are soluble in the crucible of the human brain, and that the realm of Crookes, Doctor Huggins and Sergeant Cox, the advocates, believe they have already discovered the existence of a sensitive nerve atmosphere enveloping the medium. Very well; so far, so good. Now let them press on, and ascertain and demonstrate how intelligence reaches out its lever through this delicate envelope, and moves on persons and things beyond. To be told that "it is electricity" is no answer at all. It is plain that the next century the most startling discoveries are to be made in the receding realm of psychology—in the shadowy region of twilight just beyond the solid plane where science has hitherto set its feet. In the clearing of the mist of the senses, mind on mind, and mind on matter, and, if possible, in reaching beyond and demonstrating the palpable after-life, is science henceforth to find its most eligible field, and its grandest achievement. And on the verge of this untrodden world thinking men have long been camped, waiting impatiently for a competent exploration to begin.

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and trance-speakers in every ward of every city, and its open or secret circles in every country town. At every point of tangency with unbelievers, it is fiercely defiant, asking no quarter and giving none. And it numbers among its champions, not merely the ignorant and credulous, but very large numbers of intelligent and educated people. Such a vigorous system as this, neither Science nor Christianity can afford either to ignore or despise. They must meet it upon its own ground and fight it manfully, or it will have its own way.

Thus far, its claims have generally been met by sneers, and by supercilious dogmatizations about "inherent improbability." Instead of going at an investigation open-eyed, scientific men have sought clairvoyance, clairaudience, psychology, mesmerism, and the more novel claims of Spiritualism, with simply "pooh-pooh!" It is high time this puerile method was abandoned, for the pooh-pooh era has passed away forever. The claims of the rappers, tipplers, slate writers, and spirit-seers must be met upon their merits. There is no doubt that a very large proportion—possibly a majority—of the strange manifestations put forth by mediums, are either forgeries or phantasies, resulting on the one hand from wanton deception on the part of the performer, and on the other from credulity and delusion on the part of the spectator. The human mind strongly tends to absorb the marvellous, and in its foolish to exaggerate what has thus been presented to the senses; and persons who fancy they are commissioned as telegraphic agents between the seen and the unseen world—the land of bodies and the land of souls—must be subjected to an extraordinary and peculiar temptation to help the spirit messenger, and thus gratify the sinner and stifle the genuine voice of their mission. Frances Power Cobbe's "unconscious cerebration" may also account for some things now attributed to spirits.

But after these considerations have had their full weight, and have accounted for all they can, what have we subtracted the results of imposture, insanity, vertigo, hallucination, the edic force, nervous eccentricities, and all unexplained muscular action, there still remains a large residuum of well-attested facts to be accounted for. Of this statement no sane person can entertain a doubt, who has made a fearless investigation and faithful exploration of the field. It is no longer safe to treat these facts with ridicule and with flippant indifference. Such men as Judge Edmonds, Professor Hare, and Professor Denton, as well as hundreds of thousands who know nothing about science, testify that they have witnessed phenomena which they believe not to have been produced by the ordinary agencies with which they are familiar; and many of the crowned heads of Europe, whose guest he has been, have already borne witness to his having seen Home's body carried about the room with out visible power, and his hand lying unharmed in a bed of burning coals. Are these men all mistaken? Or do they all conspire to affirm a lie? If either of these hypotheses be true, it certainly furnishes one of the most remarkable examples of errandmentality that the history of the world has known. Or, on the other hand, if they are not mistaken, and tell the truth, it is high time that such men as Faraday and Sir David Brewster in England, and Pierce, Agassiz and Feltton in our own country, got rid of their wretched and ignorant superstitions, and went seriously at the work of enlightening the people. Professor Crookes, the chemist, Doctor Huggins, the astronomer, and Sergeant Cox, the advocate, believe they have already discovered the existence of a sensitive nerve atmosphere enveloping the medium. Very well; so far, so good. Now let them press on, and ascertain and demonstrate how intelligence reaches out its lever through this delicate envelope, and moves on persons and things beyond. To be told that "it is electricity" is no answer at all. It is plain that the next century the most startling discoveries are to be made in the receding realm of psychology—in the shadowy region of twilight just beyond the solid plane where science has hitherto set its feet. In the clearing of the mist of the senses, mind on mind, and mind on matter, and, if possible, in reaching beyond and demonstrating the palpable after-life, is science henceforth to find its most eligible field, and its grandest achievement. And on the verge of this untrodden world thinking men have long been camped, waiting impatiently for a competent exploration to begin.

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CHICAGO, AUGUST 5, 1871.

A SEARCH AFTER GOD.

NUMBER 1.

CAN GOD POSSESS AN ATTRIBUTE COMMON TO HUMANITY, IN AN INFINITE DEGREE?

It has been wisely said that the moment you define God, then you lose him. The definitions given in regard to this personage are so varied and conflicting, that any one can gain but little, if any, information in reference to him by perusing them. It is useless to seek for him amidst the speculations of those master minds that have existed in the past, for the views entertained are so contradictory in character, and so little elaborated, that they would do nothing but embarrass and confuse. There are, then, no lights nor burning that can so illuminate the world that Deity can be seen, his nature discovered, and the character of his operations acknowledged. All is dark, yes, impenetrable darkness on all sides! While the surging billows of superstition and ignorance render the night still more hideous! Is this condition of affairs always to remain? Will this darkness continue? Tell me, watchman, what of the night? No reason, no logic, no practical philosophy, nothing can flash forth an idea that will so illumine the world that God can be seen and recognized. He who can define Deity, must do so from actual knowledge, or not at all. What merit has your idea of God? Have you seen him, heard his voice or felt his influence? No! How can you define what exists only in the imagination? To prove the existence of a God, it must be done by language—simple words—and not by sight, hearing, or feeling.

1st. The feelings bear evidence that they have never sensed the existence of an Infinite God.

2d. The sense of hearing never recognized his voice, or even a whisper.

3d. The sight never detected his presence.

Supposing you wished to prove the existence of a person in a very dark room; you would do it through the instrumentality of the eyes, ears, and sense of feeling, or the action of the mind, reasoning from analogy, etc. If all these means failed to detect him, you would conclude no person was present. In endeavoring to establish the existence of a God, all the senses fail us,—totally fail us,—and we can only use words to present him to the minds of the people. An idea of God, if expressed at all, must be from a human standpoint. We cannot step outside of ourselves in applying attributes to Deity. In defining him, we only enlarge certain attributes of humanity. In a previous article we alluded to that fact, and in this we desire to still further elaborate.

The idea, then, of a God must be expressed in language that mortals can understand. What right has any one to say that God is all-powerful, omniscient, and omnipresent, or, as Prof. Denton declares, is Infinite Good? If you apply the attributes of humanity to a God, what is he but an enlarged man? If you apply one thing, or one quality, or one condition, that man possesses, to God, you must fail. If you say he is Infinite Good, you could as reasonably declare that he is Infinite Evil. Now, just look at the absurdity of forming a God out of human attributes! You only take certain traits of man's character or condition, and apply them to God! Man is good, hence, having language that you can comprehend, you say God is Infinite Good. Why not call him Infinite Evil? You say he is infinitely merciful. You enlarge the mercy and tender feelings of man and apply them to your God. You can hate, murder, cause suffering, etc. One is just as much predisposed as the other. Why not say God is an Infinite Hater? Again, in making, or defining your God, you extend "your own attributes too far. You do not crystallize or form a being that can act. Why extend those attributes throughout all space? A being that fills immensity can not

move; from the very nature of things, he can act only within himself.

In the formation, or defining of God, human language and human attributes, the sole philosopher says, must be used. You say God possesses power, which is an attribute of man. Why not say he has an appetite, as well? Why stop with infinite power when we can as reasonably state that he has an infinite appetite? You must not stop, when you "make up" your God, with just such attributes as you deem fit to apply to him. There is a vile monster; his eyes gleam with hate and anger; a frown is on his countenance, and murder in his heart; his soul is a licentious pool, full of all manner of unclean things; his conscience is perfectly calloused; he is a hard-hearted wretch—a demon of the lowest order; yet he is a man! By him stands an old veteran in the cause of reform; how brilliant his eyes, expressing the lofty emotions within his soul!—and his countenance is all aglow with love for humanity. He constantly labors to benefit all, and his works of love can be seen on every side. Which of these men does your God resemble?

A God possessing any attribute of man is an impossibility! In seeking him, you do through yourself. The moment you apply your own attributes to God, you destroy him effectually, for you limit him. If you say he has all power, we will declare emphatically that he has not, for we possess some power, in which event your God is not all-powerful.

A God to exist at all, and be infinite, must exist entirely independent of the attributes of man, and possess nothing in common with him! Prove this! Why if God possesses the characteristics of one, show me the person. You extend certain attributes to an infinite degree, and call them God. What man will you use? Is there a man in existence whose attributes you would be willing to extend to form a God? Tell me, pray. No! that man does not exist now, and never did exist, whose attributes you would be willing to enlarge and form a God therefrom. If no such a man in existence, how can you form a conception of that which does not exist? There is no one in existence possessing the attributes of God in a finite degree, and yet perfect in those attributes. How, then, are you going to form a conception of Deity when nothing exists to form a conception from? If you can form no conception of him, how will you define him?

To define God, and assign him attributes common to humanity, you must have those attributes actually in existence. How can you reason to show the nature of God, only from that which already exists? Why do you apply to him power as one of his attributes? Why stop there? Why not say that he is an infinite being, with passions to eat, drink, etc.? Reason to some effect, and if you wish to enlarge one of the attributes of man in your God, you must fail.

It has been said hundreds of times, that the mind can not comprehend God. Then, how can language define him? Can the mind define that which it can not comprehend? As well describe a man you have never seen. If language can not define Deity, the mind comprehend him, the eye see him, the ear hear him, or the feelings sense him, where is your foundation to rest when you endeavor to prove his existence?

If a God, then, the question now is, has he any of the attributes of humanity? If we establish the fact that it is utterly impossible for him to possess any of the attributes common to humanity, we are doing away with an Infinite God. The idea of the existence of a God, originates from mystery and our own ignorance. The Negro who could construct his own rude hut alone, carrying stones to build its walls, in size in proportion to his strength, if transported to this country, and shown the stones in the Court House, would at once conclude that the man who built that must be as large as a mountain. We form a conception of God from our own surroundings and the circumstances of life. The Negro makes him a large man; but the various philosophers of the day have improved on that, simply enlarging the power, goodness, mercy, and intelligence to an infinite degree.

Again, if God possesses the attributes of man, would he not be like him in his various acts? Would he not lie, commit murder, and steal occasionally? Why, your mind would revolt at such an idea. Man does all those things, and he originated from this God, you claim! Where did he get the impulse to do these acts, if not from God? Did not the impulse to murder originate from him, the same as that which induces you to give alms to the beggar? Why not then say that God is both good and bad; forgiving and revengeful, the same as a man. But if he is Infinite Good, the same as Denton declares, there would be no room for the bad. If you make a God from a human standpoint, do not select just such attributes of man as suit you, and apply them to him—but enlarge the whole man. To say that God is Infinite Good, is a meaningless term. If a Deity exists at all, you must look at him through your own senses, or grasp him with your own mind.

(To be continued.)

Cheap Advertising.

"The Religio-Philosophical Journal" advertises the *Oracle* as being "short lived." Thanks. Wonder if the thought is served by a wish to that effect.—*The Oracle*.

The Religio-Philosophical Journal, has done no such thing. It is under no obligations to furnish coming events. It is a journal of current and past events, and it considers the subject worthy and demanding notice.

The Search After God

Will terminate, we think, before it reaches the sixtieth number. We will be summing up, clearly and distinctly present the world with an Object, Element, Principle, or Quality of the Universe,—that which takes cognizance of all things.

Henry Ward Beecher Studying Agriculture Under Difficulties.

Henry Ward Beecher finished his professional labor for the season last Sunday, and taking Greeley's "What I Know of Farming" in his carpet-bag, has gone to his country home at Perkiokill for the summer. Mr. Beecher is quite as much of a poet as a theologian, which accounts for his selection of reading-matter for vacation.—*Tillon's Golden Age*.

Although we have had the pleasure of perusing the *Golden Age* for some time, and although we have often found articles therein which we did not believe were well stated with truth, we are inclined to accept the above quotation. Just think of it! This eminent divine rustling among the hills and lawns of the country, with Horace Greeley's work, "What I Know of Farming," under his arm. We are somewhat acquainted with the author of this book, having had the pleasure of hearing him lecture at Crosby's Opera House in this city, where he waddled on to the stage, putting us in mind of an "overgrown babe." His lecture was good, and was thoroughly systematized and arranged previous to venturing before a highly critical audience.

In what condition will the ill-fated divine of Plymouth church be after reading Greeley's agricultural work? Can he preach "Christ crucified" successfully after his mind has been occupied in digesting a treatise on turnips, cabbage (both early and late), beets (especially seed beets), various kinds of grass, etc.? How will all this mix with the "fall of man," the transgression of Eve, the perjury of the serpent, Job's boils, Jeremiah's Lamentations, Ezekiel's Prophecies, the Vicarious Atonement, the passage of the Egyptians out of Egypt and the vision of Daniel. Will he not become confused in preaching, after he reads one of Greeley's letters to an inquiring mind, which is as follows:

New York City, July 1st, 1871.

DEAR TRYHARD: Sugar beets are an excellent fruit to raise. Plant the seeds early, covering them with the quality of sugar you desire to make. If you should desire to raise molasses, cover them with the sugar, New Orleans, or Havana molasses—depending on the quality that you desire. Plant the seeds the first of April, and tap the trees the following spring, and you can obtain all the molasses you want.

Yours truly,

HORACE GREELEY.

Will such teachings as that mix with old theology? Will not Beecher stock fall when the two assimilate? Really, Greeley's knowledge of agriculture is as popular as Beecher's religion, and when the two affiliate in the massive brain of the latter, we fear his mind will not correctly comprehend the beautiful teachings of Job, or the sublime utterances of Balaam's Ass. Beecher is eccentric, and to mix the eccentricities which he already has with Horace's, will make him still more so.

If Mr. Beecher had taken, in connection with this excellent treatise on agriculture, Greeley's last theological lecture, and read the two in connection, he would see this has been a fit subject for the month's study. He can discuss the tariff, protection for home manufactures, the Ku-Klux, but he is out of his element,—just as much as a fish is when out of water,—when he leaves the terrestrial or things subliminal, to discuss the celestial or things visionary. Really, these erratic notions of this eminent politician, his agricultural venture, and latterly his theological peregrinations, together with his aspirations for the Presidency, have rather muddled his mind, and he presents a strange appearance. Greeley the politician—the agriculturist and chemist—the theologian,—ah! it will bring right on the "God question," and fearing that he would be in favor of engraving his mythical creature in the Constitution, he is not our candidate for President. We wait now with intense interest to see the effect of his agricultural work on the mind of Beecher. Perhaps he will on his return pay for the vegetable kingdom as well as the animal, but whether he will pray to Greeley's God, remains to be seen.

Many years ago, it was quaintly stated that Beecher swore—uttered an oath, one common to a driver when trying to render a balky horse more tractable. A correspondent of one of the secular papers has been giving his acts of life a chemical examination, and bursts forth with: "People think it is dreadful in the world to use vulgar oaths, and shock their aesthetics. But when we see the Rev. Henry Ward skip round on the verge of profane expressions, what can be said? If that eminent divine would look a little more closely after his own morals, he would not cut so many diabolical sympathies run away with him—as if he, puny mortal, could alter the inflexible moralities. Is there no one enterprising enough to reform him? He keeps many a soul on a saw-saw of doubt and confidence about him, hardly knowing where to locate him, instead of commanding unqualified respect, as a man of extraordinary talents should. Perhaps he has not tilted his own soul as he should have done in why he is now studying Greeley on agriculture."

The remarks of a recent journal, that it would be "worth going all the way to Heaven for, to see the city missionary who died of starvation meet Mr. Beecher with his \$20,000 salary, were much to the same point, so far as proving that Mr. Beecher would be none the worse for more humanity and less popularity.

Those who wish to have this paper discontinued when the time is up to which it is paid for, should notify us of that wish two weeks before such time expires, as it takes that time to get it out of the mailing machine. When answer to be discontinued is given by those in arrears, remittances should be made to square up in full, including the two weeks which the paper will be mailed the subscriber after such notice is given.

THE SHAKER, a monthly journal, fifty cents per annum. G. W. Loomis, Shakers, Albany County, New Jersey.

Letter from Thomas Woodliff.

BROTHER JONES: Shall I give you a detailed account of what I have lately passed through? But why trouble you with it? You are probably aware of the power of spirits. I am only known as a druggist, and cannot find any spirit to help me except one who took me to an insane asylum in this State, there to pass through an experience which would make a sane man shudder. Why I was taken is still a mystery. I am known here as a quiet man, and I was forced to act like a madman. I was forced, you understand, to persecute a maniac. So well was it done that I underwent an examination before two learned physicians, who gave testimony in court, and I was pronounced insane. You can form an idea of the process of pronouncing judgment in such a case.

This little rascally being ended, I was then a raving maniac; but "there was method in the madness." To enumerate all the mad sayings, would be of no use, but I am aware of the manner and the effect of it all. In the asylum I was also excited,—not violently, but more in a spasmodic strain. I was once in a cell, on a single floor, with little comfort, and I passed the night and day, and still another night. The scenes which I witnessed would make a sensitive person tremble, but the same power upheld me that forced me there. I was well enough, of course, but the physicians kept me three weeks, to see if a recurrence of mania would appear.

Being at home in my store now, I thought I would drop you a line. You can make any use of this you may see fit.

Yours in hope of a happy life,

THOMAS WOODLIFF.

Colfax, Cal.
Reply:—Your experience was doubtless severe. The superficial reasoner would pronounce it the result of a belief in spirit communion.

In all ages of the world, spirits have communed with mortals. Ignorance has prevailed in all ages. Spirit obsession has also been common with all people. Sometimes such obsession has been by intelligent spirits, who could, and did, give the world much light and knowledge, in regard to the future life; at other times ignorance on the part of the obsessing spirit, attending like ignorance on this plane of life, the result, as might well be expected, was persecution and death to the poor obsessed medium.

The morning of an age is now dawning in which intelligence prevails to a greater extent than in the past. Obsession is recognized as a species of spirit control, as common in the past as now, but not understood.

Spiritualism, so called, has enough intelligent men and women for its devotees, to look upon all such obsession as has in the past been denounced as insanity, as intrusion by ignorant spirits, which exists by and in conformity with well-known laws upon the spiritual plane of life, and sufficiently known upon this to be effectually treated and cured.

In a few more years, the philosophy of spirit control will be so well understood and acknowledged, that the strait-jacket and cell will be entirely dispensed with. Healing mediums will then be resorted to as a mode of immediate and perfect relief in all such cases.

The obsessing spirit being, for the time, incarnated in a physical form, can only be reached and expelled by another spirit, through a medium on the material plane of life.

The law of spirit control and power, heretofore a sealed book to mortals, is now rapidly being unveiled, and its beauty and excellence is becoming apparent to our understanding.

However severe the ordeal through which you have been compelled to pass, nevertheless, to you, and the world, it will add a chapter of benefits. There are mediums who give immediate relief in such cases.

We trust that these few remarks may elicit thought and provoke comment from thinkers.

Mrs. Laura Cuppy Smith.

It was our privilege, on Sunday, July 23rd, to listen to a touching, tender, and earnest appeal from this noble woman, in her lecture of that hour, based upon the scriptural account of "The Ten Lepers." She most eloquently depicted the state of Christendom at the advent of Modern Spiritualism, showed how blank skepticism had spread its dark pall over the land—the churches gave no proof of immortality, but imposed a barren form of belief—doubt and despair had taken possession of the human soul—when twenty-three years ago, the spirit-world began this great and glorious work, which had converted thousands of Infidels through his ministry, and lifted to the rostrum the child of fifteen years, as in the case of Cora L. V. Scott, and poured the burning eloquence of this new inspiration into the hearts of men. She pleaded her cause (for no one can help seeing she has made it her cause) with all the heroism of a consecrated life, and bewailed in most touching earnestness, the apathy, indifference, carelessness, and selfishness of those thousands of nominal Spiritualists, who, having drunk of these spiritual fountains, and been freed of the leprosy of skepticism, now fall back into their comfortable seats, and forget the great work for humanity.

She pleaded the cause of our speakers and mediums in words of very fire, showing how they had left all, choosing lives of self-sacrifice and martyrdom for the truths of this angel-ministry, and pointed her hearers to the fact that many of them did not own one link of ground in this great land, or even the means to bury their cold bodies when the necessity comes!—and all this, in this land of wealth and prosperity! She almost tearfully begged all Spiritualists to forget their petty differences, their unworthy divisions, and unite in this great work which has been put in our hands by the angels. She pointed to the fact that while the angels were uniting, and against us, we had suffered these dissensions to estrange and divide. She believed that recent attempts to prevent the "exercise of mediumship," were a prelude of what would surely come upon us in the future, and we would yet be forced to unite in self-defense, and to wage war from persecution.

Mrs. Smith is one of the most chaste, earnest, and eloquent of speakers—her eloquence being not of the artificial kind, but deep, soulful, and

convincing. She is a speaker that must wear well. Her delivery is of that sort that it does not distract the mind from that which is vital in her discourses, but carries with it the very essence of conviction, in that it confines in her own appearance all that she claims for her gospel of peace and good will to man. We are sure no society can afford to lose the faithful services of this devoted teacher, and we hope an effort will be made to push on our work with renewed enthusiasm.

"The World moves."

We are glad to chronicle the fact. Galileo first discovered this, but was soon compelled to renounce the position he had so wisely taken. Notwithstanding science has fully established this peculiarity on the part of Mother Earth, there are fools even now extant, who would deny it—and not long since, we heard an eccentric, but "well to do" farmer, declare that such a "revolution on its axis" was an impossibility, as "all the water in yonder pond would be split when it got round on the other side." This theory on the part of scientific man, received a thrice of abuse, which, if the earth had been modest in turning round, would have resented the insult by stopping awhile. Thanks to her, however, "she still moves." All facts, however born, must be tried in the crucible; must receive a certain amount of vile condemnation. A fact connected with religion, or one which presents an idea antagonistic to orthodox theories and views, will not readily receive the attention of scientific men. Generally, scientific men are moral cowards. They, after to religion; take stock in the Vicarious Atonement, or desire to use the blood of the lamb for chemical purposes, on their characters. In England, however, three scientific men have stepped forth, and with implements of investigation, are determined to test the character of the manifestations. One, Mr. Crookes, is a practical chemist, and is aided by Dr. Huggins, the eminent astronomer. The former, with his crucible, will be able to tell whether they belong to things terrestrial or subliminal, while the latter, accustomed to peering among the stars, can decide whether the phase of manifestation have a celestial origin. We patiently wait for the report of these scientific gentlemen. Perhaps like Professor Hare, they will come forth full-fledged Spiritualists, and will astonish the world by the announcement of the fact.

In this investigation, these scientific men expect to be able to prove, no doubt, that there is a "nervous atmosphere" surrounding each person, which, influenced by the mind, enables Home to accomplish all his wonderful feats.

Mediums in Chicago.

Mrs. Loom, that truly celebrated medium for physical manifestations, holds seances, and is convincing many of the truth of spirit communion. Every one who can make it convenient, should visit her seances.

Mrs. A. H. ROBINSON, 148 Fourth Avenue, gives daily evidence of the presence of spirits, to all business men with advice, which leads to success in legitimate business enterprises.

Her powers as a successful medium in various phases are unsurpassed. Thousands in all sections of the country, are being cured of the various ills that flesh is heir to, by the most simple remedies, prescribed by her while holding a lock of the sick person's hair, without her ever seeing the patient.

Full direction for sending to her for a diagnosis and prescription, will be found in this paper.

THE BANGS CHILDREN have suspended their seances until cooler weather.

CHARLES H. READ, a splendid physical medium, is now holding seances in Wisconsin.

Dr. McFadden holds seances every evening, at 243 West Madison Street. He is like many other mediums, especially queer. But so far as our knowledge goes, he gives all who attend his seances, their money's worth. He is worth calling on for the oddity of the thing. In saying this of his seances, we mean no disrespect for his phase of mediumship. It is the right phase in the right place. Our spirit friends know their own business, and use mediums fitted to accomplish the object.

There are many other very excellent mediums, of different phases, whose addresses will be found in the Medium's Register, for Chicago.

A Spirit Artist.

Bro. N. B. Starr, of Port Huron, Michigan, made us a fraternal call a few days since. He is looking remarkably well for a man of his age—sixty-seven years.

Mr. Starr was developed as a spirit-artist eight years since. During that time, he has been controlled by eminent artists in spirit-life, to execute hundreds of portraits of spirits, which have been recognized by friends, and a very great number of landscape paintings. We have labored with Bro Starr during the last year or two, trying to induce him to locate at this great and growing spiritual center—Chicago; and it is with pleasure that we announce, that it is with pleasure that we announce, that it is probable that he will do so at no very remote time.

Compensation for Kindness.

A few days since, a good Spiritualist, acting in good faith, sent us a letter for publication, which we published in our last issue, extolling a lecturer (not a Spiritualist) who had visited his town, and given a discourse on "Free Moral Agency Doctrine." Now we learn that the said lecturer spars no pains, in public and private, to traduce the character of mediums and Spiritualists!

We with pleasure publish communications from our friends, but we respectfully ask them to be cautious in their laudations of men of the stamp referred to. Our paper is the friend of mediums, and will not knowingly lend its columns to praise their traducers.

39,308 CURES

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RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL

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S. S. JONES, PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.

CHICAGO, AUGUST 12, 1871.

(SINGLE COPIES EIGHT CENTS.)

VOL. X.—NO. 21.

HURL THEM DOWN.

[The following lines are from a volume of poems by Prof. Wm. Deane, which he has just placed in the hands of the printer.]

When presidents heed not the popular will,
And senators care but their pockets to fill;
When law-makers are but blind parties' hacks,
Who care for a man but the sum of his tax,
Though nations may ring with their lofty renown,
Their villainies sentence them; hurl them down!

Though palaces rise if the king only woe,
And greatest multitudes think him a God,
The time has gone by for such fanfare and
Henceforth let him work at some man-blessing
trade.

A king is but civilization's old clown—
A clod to humanity; hurl him down!

Prond priests of the "bloody faith," dealers in lies,
You've wasted the green earth and darkened the skies,
Created the devil and made for us hell,
The people are rising, they've cast off your spell,
And justice exclaims with an ominous frown,
Too long have you bowed to them; hurl them down!

Great God of the orthodox, cruel and grim,
The devil's an angel compared unto him;
The jailer of hell, as relentless as fate,
Ruthlessly cannot his cruelty cease;
The Lord or Jehovah of Jewish renown,
Humility rises and hurls them down.

AS TO A GHOST.

A Big Sensation at Germantown, Ohio.
A Reliable Ghost Story that beats Baron Munchausen.

Five Hundred People Vindictive House.

S. S. JONES—Dear Sir—I herewith transmit you for reproduction in the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, the 5th page of the Cincinnati Commercial, containing a full and detailed account of a most remarkable and startling phenomena that occurred in this vicinity.

Germantown is situated South-west of this city, at about the same distance as it is from Dayton.

This occurrence has produced a profound sensation throughout this neighborhood, and the statements contained in the Commercial can be relied upon as being correctly reported, as they were furnished by Mr. W. M. Ampi, who resides in Cincinnati, and is the Prosecuting Attorney of Hamilton County.

Very respectfully,

A. D. ENRIKLEY.

Xenia, Ohio, July 28, 1871.

(Special Correspondence Cincinnati Commercial.)

I arrived in Germantown Tuesday evening last, late at night, to take up my summer quarters. Before the "bus" that conveyed me from the depot at Carleton Station on the Cincinnati, Hamilton, and Dayton Railroad, a distance of four miles from here, arrived, I overheard conversations among the other occupants of the vehicle, from which the inference was readily drawn that something highly sensational, if not real, had occurred in the vicinity of Germantown, and that the matter, whatever it was, had caused general excitement in the town and neighborhood.

But before telling you what I found to be the case upon arriving at my place of destination, will you hear something of the history of the town itself?

GERMANTOWN

Is a quiet, unassuming little town of, say, sixteen hundred inhabitants, situated in the southwestern part of Montgomery County, Ohio, twelve miles southeast of Dayton, and fourteen miles from the Cincinnati, Hamilton and Dayton Railroad.

It lies in the Twin Valley, a sort of a sub valley to the Miami Valley, is surrounded on all sides by hills, from which you see the town almost at your feet, and from one of them your vision ranges a distance of five or six miles in front of you.

The town is one of the oldest in the valley, having been laid out as far back as 1813; and originally gave promise of some local importance as a place for business, but the new channel of commerce and trade called the Cincinnati, Hamilton and Dayton Railroad, which was built at a distance of four miles from it in 1833, left it high and dry, and since that time it has done little more than keep its own.

It is, however, a very pleasant place to live in. You can live long, well and cheaply here, and have the utmost assurance when you die of going straightway to heaven.

The town is regularly laid out, the streets are abundantly shaded with trees, the houses are mostly of brick, and almost every one has a fine yard of grass, trees and flowers.

Many are boys here, and few, if any, die, so healthy is the place. It is, however, a good place for a boy to leave as soon as he is old enough to run away from his parents, which latter is the best thing for him to do if his parents insist upon holding on to him.

Arriving late at night, I heard of what seemed to be a great "sell," the nature of which is fully

disclosed hereafter by the story of witnesses to the matter, and on the next morning found upon inquiry that the report was fully corroborated in town, and in fact that the subject was universally talked about. In a word, the report was that from Friday, July 21, to the Monday following, at noon, the house of a young farmer named Benjamin Silver, had been visited by something invisible, incomprehensible, intangible, mysterious, which had everything its own way during that period, night and day, at intervals. Barrels were upset, crocks tumbled over, milk spilled, potatoes thrown about, rubbish in the cellar piled up in the milk-trough, heavy stones moved from their places, teakettles thrown from the bed into the middle of the room, Bible thrown from the bureau, and when put back immediately thrown down again; guns moved on the floor or from their places, a feather bed thrown from the bed into the middle of the room, shoes thrown about, tables upset in their very tracks, quick as lightning, barrels rolled away, stoves knocked over, and lofty tumbling generally indulged in for several days.

There was no stopping on Sunday, as you will see from the sworn statement. Whether this was a violation of the law against "common labor" on Sunday, I leave for my friend, Mayor Davis, to decide.

A momentary consultation was had on Wednesday evening, and John Zahring, Esq., a merchant of this place, who had already satisfied himself of the facts, and myself, concluded to get the story from the eye-witnesses themselves, and then if it seemed proper furnish the Commercial a reliable account of the affair. Wednesday afternoon we took a horse and buggy and started for the scene of the fantastic tricks, which are quite graphically set forth in the statement of the eye-witnesses.

THE HOUSE.

A mile and a quarter north of Germantown, is a plain country farm house, built of wood. It fronts to the east—two stories high and has a basement below. The declination of the ground is slight from the back part of the house downward toward the front.

The basement is on the east side of the house, and back of it on the west side are the spring-house and cellar proper, both being of small dimensions, the spring-house being in the north-west corner and the cellar proper in the south-west corner.

The first story has a sitting-room, kitchen and bed room. The porch on the front or east side of the house runs along in front of the kitchen, and in front of a hall leading to the sitting room.

The second story has a hall and several rooms.

There is but one stairway leading from the first to the second story, and but one from the first story down into the basement.

The basement may also be entered from the east side by a door under the porch. The house is thirty-five feet front.

THE SILVER FAMILY.

Is one of the pioneer families of this valley, emigrating from Pennsylvania as long ago as 1806. They were all farmers, and their descendants have lived within five miles of their first settlement—occupying the original farm. They are thrifty, industrious, and successful farmers, in good circumstances, and have the universal respect and confidence of the whole neighborhood for honesty and truthfulness. True, they have not seen as much of the world as your young America, but every one concedes that they fully understand how to take care of number one.

THE CAUSE.

Of the mystery, whether celestial, human or infernal, no one understanding the facts in full pretends to solve.

Our local philosophers, of course, collect every evening in front of our dry goods stores, and sitting cross-legged on store boxes and benches whittling pine sticks and smoking bad cigars, try to explain the mystery.

They advance the theory that it was a conspiracy among the Silveres to set up some excuse for sending away the boy Pontius, whom they had taken to raise, and they are met by the statement of witnesses, whose veracity they can not impeach, and by the improbability of such an explanation, in view of the facts themselves.

They suggest the probability of some one wishing to buy the farm, and to get it at a low figure, seeking to injure its reputation as a "haunted" place, and the answer is, that the owner of the farm himself, Samuel Silver, Jr., is one of the eye-witnesses of the transactions detailed.

The statement of Benjamin Silver, accompanying, was written down by myself, in the presence of the witnesses and John Zahring, Esq. Read the statement for yourself.

Benjamin Silver says he lives in Germantown, about one mile and a quarter north of Germantown, Montgomery County, Ohio. He has lived in the house I now occupy for over five years. He has lived in this township from his birth. Am twenty-nine years old. Am

Charles Pontius, a boy nine years old, has lived with me since February last, about six months. He lived with me up to last Monday, the 24th day of July, 1871.

On that Friday, the 21st of July, my wife and I were out in the morning, and they observed that the top crust of two custard pies was removed. By the crust I mean the skin usually over that kind of pie. They were not disturbed otherwise. The pies then looked fresh—the crust or skin was missing and could not be found. There were also four apple pies sitting on the same board with the custard, and each contained marks which appeared to have been made by thrusting the thumb and fingers through the

center. Ten or fifteen minutes after a tub full of potatoes were found scattered all over the cellar, appearing as though pitched about by some one, and the tub was tipped over. We found also a dish-rag and an old pot under a bench in the cellar, removed from their usual place of keeping. A loaf of bread placed on the same board with the pies appeared to have a piece bitten off. The pies and bread were all found when placed there. The dish-rag, which was kept on the top of a hoghead, was found missing four different times in succession, and was picked up under brush where we first saw it. A few minutes afterward it was missing each time. The potatoes we picked up at least six times, and put them back into the tub, and when we came back into the cellar, upon hearing the noise, we found the potatoes scattered, as at first. There was no one in the cellar at the time who could have thrown them about.

We heard the noise in the cellar, being in the kitchen right over it, and the noise resembled the throwing of potatoes and the upsetting of a vessel. When we heard the noise we always went down to see what the matter was. The parties in the house were myself, wife, her sister and the little boy Pontius.

The cellar is divided into three parts—the cellar proper, the basement and the spring-house. The basement, which is under the kitchen, is where the potatoes and pies were.

After supper a few minutes we found that several crocks of milk were upset, and the contents all spilled out. One only was left. These were in the milk-trough. We also found a large crock of milk and a small tub of milk, which were sitting upon a platform about fifteen inches higher than the floor of the cellar, and were rolled into the milk-trough. The large crock and two of the milk crocks were broken.

There was nothing wrong at supper time with any of the crocks. The little boy Pontius was the first to inform us of this. The crock which had not been upset in the spring-house, was taken by my wife into the basement cellar, and placed in the window, when she went out to milk, and when she came back she found it upset, also. This all took place before 8 o'clock, our bed time. We are sure that none of the family had done any of the damage. We thought at first it was done by a mouse, and did not suspect anybody.

On Saturday morning following, the milk of Friday evening's milking was placed in the spring-house. There were seven crocks, and they were put on the platform before referred to. About ten or fifteen minutes after I went down and discovered one crock upset. This was before breakfast. Right after breakfast my wife went down, and saw two more of them upset. The remaining three crocks were left in the basement cellar, and they were upset one after the other by about 11 o'clock, as she found them when she went into the cellar; none of them were broken. She took the crocks all out, and set them on the floor, and placed them on the side of the tub; and she found it upset every one of them removed from the place where she had placed them.

The next time she went down cellar before dinner she found the tub upset and the milk all over the floor. She found four or five gallons of milk in it. The tub was a large wash-tub. In the morning she also took a six-gallon stone jar about fifteen inches high, weighing eighteen to twenty pounds, and put in a half bucketful of water, and put in her yeast crock, and the yeast, and she found it upset after dinner.

The Saturday morning's milk she put into crocks, and these were set into a tub of water in the basement cellar. Three of the crocks were carried up on the porch, and when they were taken down, they were found upset. My wife was standing upon the front porch and saw a half barrel tub, which contained a bucket full of water, running near the house. This tub was standing under the water-spout in the yard, and the tub of the spring-house was full of water. The tub of the spring-house was full of water, and she carried it to the door of the basement at its side, and a large crock, were also upset.

My wife next discovered, about 4 P. M., a fruit jar thrown from a mantel-piece, six or seven feet above the floor, down on to the floor. This was in the basement. My wife heard the noise, being on the porch. She went down and saw what it was.

Right after this, there were two stones—one weighing twelve or fifteen pounds, and the other six or eight pounds—thrown at the bread box in the basement. The bread box was on the floor. She and the boy Pontius were in the basement at the time, and saw them pitched off. One was lying on top of the other, and they were pitched about four feet. The lid of the box on which they were lying was about one foot and a half broad by three feet in length. They were both twelve or fourteen feet from the box when the stones were pitched off. They came upon them back, and she carried up some crocks, the boy having gone up stairs to take care of the child.

When she went back into the basement she was going to lift off the lid from the bread box, and just as she touched the lid, the stones, lid and box came down on to the floor. The stones are flat stones about two inches thick, one about a foot square, and the other about eight inches square. There was nothing in the box except bread. The basement is so light that you can see a pin on the floor while standing up. There are no windows in the basement, and the door and the window shutters were also open.

Saturday evening my wife being absent, sent the little boy over to my brother's, a distance of three or four hundred yards, for me. The boy came back, and I started to finish my work.

Before the boy was sent, while he was gone, (which is about fifteen minutes), she heard all kinds of noise in the basement which seemed like the throwing of bricks, boards, bats, boxes,

lids, old pieces of iron and crocks—making a general racket and confusion. And this continued until 5:30 P. M., after the boy had returned.

I got back to the house at 6:30 P. M., went into the basement and found a lot of rubbish, split milk, old pieces of iron, potatoes and other things scattered around on the floor promiscuously. The bread-box was turned upside down; a keg of soap-grease was turned upside down also.

From the basement I went to the milk-house, and found rubbish boxes piled up in the milk-trough three feet high—such as crock lids, boxes, kegs, brick-bats, broken crocks, boards, the old hat before referred to, and a small box of linen which had been for months in the basement part of the cellar on a bench. The latter was found in the milk-trough in the spring-house, line and all. A box of plasterer's hair which was kept in the cellar proper was also in the milk-trough. A crock of pickles which had been standing by the milk-trough was found in the milk-trough. I pitched everything out of the window of the milk-house. I carried the rubbish from the basement and found one of my vinegar barrels leaking. I had five of them in the basement, and heard it leak on the ground. One of the other barrels, and banged the leaking one up tight as I could, and set it up on end to prevent further leakage. This ended Saturday.

My wife on Sunday morning took six crocks of milk, her Saturday night's milk, and put them into the basement. A few minutes after I went down and found two of the crocks upset and the milk spilled. The boy Pontius had just got up and was in the kitchen when I went down. My wife was washing her dishes at the table. She was standing between the upright door that opens into the cellar, and the sink in the corner of the kitchen were ten feet apart. There was a crock standing in the sink and a lid on it. She was standing near the cellar door, in range with it and the sink, and she heard the lid on the crock fly over her head down into the basement cellar, and heard it land on the ground. A mouse-trap, which she a few minutes before had placed on a platform at the top of the cellar stairway was thrown down into the basement. The boy Pontius was sitting rocking the child near the sink at the time the lid flew down cellar. She went out of the kitchen and when out of doors heard a noise and rattle, and when she came back found two skillets which had been standing on the platform where the mouse-trap was, down in the cellar broken to pieces. After that she went back and took them to the barn. A jining room when she heard a racket. She returned to the kitchen and found the crock in the sink which had been covered with a pie plate thrown down on the floor and the milk spilled. She then took the little boy to my brother Samuel's, and about 8 o'clock, to have him come over, as she was afraid to stay alone, I having gone to my father's. When my brother Samuel came, he heard some noise in the cellar, and went down, and found the lid on the cellar, and the milk, and the boy Pontius was up stairs all the time. He set up the can on the floor, and laid the lid on, and started up the stairway, and he had not got up before he heard the can fall over again. He went back and set it up again. The top part only was smashed; the bottom was all right. He started up the stairway, but did not get the cellar door closed before it fell a third time. My bull dog—a very large dog, and one of the best watch dogs in the country—was lying under the bench where the can stood in the first place, and did not take any notice of the falling. The boy Pontius was up stairs all the time.

In the cellar proper there was one empty barrel, and two large skillets. They were tumbled over, which was heard by my brother, my wife, and the little boy. These skillets and this barrel were several times set up, and they tumbled over each time again.

The little boy went to the cellar and saw the barrel tumble over, and the boy dodging back at the moment the door shut, no one having hold of it at the time, and there was no one in the cellar proper at the time. The cellar proper is ten by twelve feet, and in the southwest corner. By this time I got back myself from my father's, and found the mouse-trap at the bottom of the stairs as stated, and the lid can in the basement thrown over. I set it up and put on the lid, having straightened it as well as I could. I put the mouse-trap in its place at the head of the cellar stairs, and went into the cellar proper; found the lid skillets and barrel up-side-down; set them up and went up into the kitchen. My brother Samuel, wife, and my sister Sarah and the little boy were there talking over the affair. The boy went out with the child into the yard, and I heard a noise at the basement window, which appeared to be made by one tapping on the glass or ash. Went down and took the window out; saw no one, and set down on the cellar steps half way up. These steps lead from the basement into the kitchen, and the cellar proper is on the opposite side of the basement from the stairs, and on the same level as the basement. While sitting there, heard a noise in the cellar proper. Went then and went the barrel upset, and I said, "What do you want? What are you hunting? What shall I do?" Received no answer; closed up and went up stairs. This was about 11 A. M.

After dinner, while I was picking berries, some distance from the house, the boy was at the spring at the north-west corner of the house, and when he was coming toward the east side of the house, the vinegar barrel, which I on Saturday had banged tight and set up on end, was thrown over, the bung out and the vinegar spilled.

My wife instantly called up the boy to the porch to take the child. He came and took the child and set down on the porch, and while she was in the cellar a candlestick with candle and an egg on the sink in the kitchen fell off. She

heard it, and coming up from the cellar, saw them on the floor.

The sink is right by the door that leads to the porch where the boy was sitting. My wife, after coming out of the cellar, went to the porch where the boy was still sitting with the child, and came through the kitchen in so doing; and while she and the boy with the child were on the porch, she heard the coffee-pot and a crock fall from the cooking stove in the kitchen on to the floor. The crock was broken and the coffee spilled. There was no one in the kitchen at the time, and there was in fact no one about the house except she, the boy and the child. The door leading from the kitchen to the porch was wide open at the time. Right after this, while the boy was sitting on the porch, and she was cleaning up the rubbish in the kitchen, she heard a noise down in the cellar, and sent the boy down, and she went down also with the child in her arms, and to the cellar, and there found a keg of pickles turned up-side-down. It was a half barrel keg and was half full of pickles. The pickles were scattered over the cellar, basement and milk or spring-house. Nothing more occurred until toward sundown Sunday evening.

I was then at the barn, my wife in the barnyard milking, and the boy was on the porch holding the child.

He bellowed, "There goes the tea-kettle." My wife also heard the noise, and she came up to the house, and as she approached the house, she heard the boy say: "The baby got a lick," and had hardly said this when she said: "There, it got another one;" and when she got to the house she found the tea-kettle thrown on the floor above the kitchen. The sound appeared to be made by the throwing of a shoe. Just about this time came my father, Samuel Silver, Sr., and my mother. Just as they came we heard a similar noise up stairs. I and my father started up found a book and a powder horn out of the place, one of them several feet; went to the room where the boy was sleeping; there was a can and a large crock of molasses on the table and also two crocks of preserves. We put the preserves under the table, and took the can and large crock down and took them to the barn. Father went back fast to the house and heard a noise again up stairs, much louder than the other one, so loud in fact as to shake the windows. He went up fast and mother followed; found the two preserves crocks rolled to the opposite side of the room, the sweet potato box turned upside down, four or six brooms thrown down. Mother said to the child Pontius, in father's presence, "Ain't you afraid to stay up here alone?" He replied "No." He had been in bed only about fifteen minutes.

We went up head and ears. The boy got up, and father and mother and the boy all came down stairs the boy got first. When they got down into the hall below they heard another noise, and father ran up stairs and found another box turned up-side-down. Father came down to the barn, then sent the boy, my wife and the baby to my brother Samuel's house, and we then went to work to take out of the house everything in danger of being broken. We took out diables and packed them in baskets, and while we were doing this my wife returned with brother Samuel, leaving the boy Pontius and the child at brother Samuel's house. While we were carrying the diables to the barn the boy Pontius came back and said the child was sick, and my wife went to brother Samuel's house, and my wife went. Within a few minutes after his return there came a general tumble again, which continued, at intervals, for nearly an hour. A bench in the sitting-room, where the bread was placed, which had been brought up from the cellar when the bread was removed from the bed room, and was completely up-side-down, on the very spot where it stood. Then a large rocking chair bounced from the side of the sitting room, toward the center of the room, up-side-down, a distance of five or six feet, father and mother and myself being within four feet of it at the time and no one else being in the room. There were two lights in the room at the time. Then the small rocking chair was turned over. The family Bible, which was on the bureau, fell on the floor, no one being within its reach at the time. Mother picked it up and laid it back, and it fell again immediately after she had removed her hand from it. The balance of the chair, six or seven, commenced turning somersaults in the room, and the cradle turned over and father replaced it, when it turned up-side-down again without further notice. I went into the bed room and got my rifle and shot gun, and took them out and fired them off, so as to avoid danger, and when I got back I took out the clock from the bed room, and while on the porch heard the sickness, top, etc., about fifty in number, except from the mantle-piece to the floor, a number of which were broken.

No one was in the room at the time. When I was taking the sickness out, the light, which was on the dough-tray in the bedroom, was thrown off to the floor and fell out. I took out the tray, and while going the bench on which the tray was standing was turned up-side-down in its place.

While we were carrying the screen and cap-board from the sitting room to the room, we heard a noise in the bed room; I then went there, followed by mother and the boy, and father saw the gun, which had been placed by me under a chest after they were discharged, moving away north or under the chest. He saw them move right or under the chest.

The above, which probably produced the noise, was moved a distance of three or four feet, and a crock which contained nails, was upset.

This was the last on Sunday night. About ten o'clock on Monday morning the noise continued so until Monday morning at eight o'clock.

(Continued Next Week.)

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CHICAGO, AUGUST 19, 1871.

VOL. X.—NO. 22.

AS TO A GHOST.

A Big Sensation at Germantown, Ohio.
A Reliable Ghost Story that Bore Baron Munchausen.

Five Hundred People Visit the House.

(CONCLUDED.)

Sunday night, I, my brother William, who lives with my father, and Leander Case, one of the farm hands, and my brother Samuel, slept in the house, my wife and child and the boy Pontius having all night at my brother Samuel's father and mother went home between 10 and 11 at night; brother William came about half past 10, having been in town; we heard him singing on the road, and called him in; Case came shortly after William; we all three examined the house before retiring, and found everything all right; I got up about 5 o'clock in the morning, and the rest about the same time. We found everything as left when we went to bed. My wife arrived at the house from my brother's about the time we got up. Brother William and Case went home. We did our morning work, carrying the milk to the milking house, and took the milk to our brother Samuel's milk-house, and then got breakfast at the same place; my whole family, including the boy Pontius. After breakfast brother Samuel, Case and my wife went back to my farm to haul oats. At 9 o'clock my wife and brother Samuel's wife went to the spring-house of brother Samuel, about forty rods from the house, and when they got back to the kitchen they found a bucket full of water which was standing on a bench two feet high, upon the bucket on the floor, and the water spilt. They asked the boy what caused it to fall, and he said it had fallen down, declaring positively that he had not touched it at all. My wife then started up stairs to make the bed, and as she got out of the kitchen into the hall she saw a plate containing a coriander seed which was standing on the sink in the kitchen, lying on the floor broken, and the seed scattered, and a milk crock which had been standing on the sink, and she saw a distance of two feet. The only persons in the kitchen at the time were the boy Pontius, and the two babies, hers and her sister's. The noise occurred so soon after she left the kitchen that she is satisfied the boy could not have done it. My wife then sent the boy over to my barn where I and brother Samuel went to tell my brother to come home, that the racket was going on over there. Brother Samuel went over and the boy remained at my barn. Afterward I also went over to brother Samuel's house, finding more going on and then came back to my house, and when the boy Pontius, I went into the house; and Case, who came with us from my barn, went round to the spring at the north-west corner of the house to get a drink; the boy and I went to the bed-room, and found the bed, quilt, sheet, pillow and bolster lying in front of the bed on the floor, the chair tick also remaining on the bed; at this moment we heard a noise up stairs, and we both went up, the boy going first, and we found a milk crock which was full of sugar turned upside down, and not a single crumb of sugar was lying near or around the egg. I let it up again and a little was spilt in doing so. We went down stairs then, found Case sitting on the porch, and I took my leave to the field for a load of oats, leaving the boy Pontius and Case at the house.

This was the last I know of the affair of my personal knowledge. There is but one pair of stairs leading from the first floor of the house to the second story. But while I was gone over to my brother's house, Case and the boy went to the milk, which were left standing on the porch, were upset and the milk spilt. Case is nineteen years of age, is a farm hand, and has been living with brother Samuel for some nine months. Case and the boy were standing in the front of the house near the basement door, looking at the mark that he heard a noise in the cellar, they both went into the basement, and found a crock lying on the floor, which had been standing in the window. The boy picked it up and put it back in the window, and they both were going out, and just as the boy put his hand on the door to pull it toward him, the door opened inwardly. Case saw the crock fly from the window into the basement about three feet, as though some one pushed from the outside. Neither of them was within reach of the crock at the time. The crock was broken. As the door was about half closed Case saw an empty fruit jar fly from the same window, breaking all to pieces. There was no one about the house but Case and the boy at the time. They went out of the basement and while they were standing in the front of the house, about fifteen minutes after, they heard another noise in the basement. They went back into the basement, and saw an empty crock on the floor, and a milk crock which was full of sugar, which were standing on the porch, were upset and the milk spilt. They went back into the basement, and saw an empty crock on the floor, and a milk crock which was full of sugar, which were standing on the porch, were upset and the milk spilt.

all the time. From the sitting room she went through the kitchen into the bed-room, and there they found the bed clothing lying on the floor in front of the bed, and my sister put it all back on the back part of the bed. They then went out down into the basement so as to show my sister what had been going on there. My sister then found the cup with sealing-wax lying on the floor, and two pieces of soap. She picked up the soap and put it back in the window, and the boy picked up the cup of sealing-wax, and he looked out his hand a distance of three feet. No one was within three feet of him at the time. He was standing at the time about five feet from the window. At the same time that the cup flew from his hand, the soap which my sister had placed in the window flew into the basement, three feet. No one was within five feet of the soap at the time. There were only the three persons in the basement—Case, Case, and the boy—and the air was perfectly calm. My sister did not look outside to see if anybody was around, as her skepticism and the subject was given away.

All three then went up out of the cellar basement into the hall, and were there joined by father, who had just come over from his house. They all four then went up into the second-story, which is the upper story, next to the garret. Sister and the boy Pontius went into the boys sleeping-room, and father and Case remained in the hall. Sister noticed a store-box, about three feet long, and two feet high, and two feet wide, and for packing sweet potatoes in the closet, which is a good deal larger than the box just described, tipped over. There was clothing in it at the time, and some pillows, a feather bed, and a piece of linen, which had been lying on top of the chest, was found lying on the floor.

My four sister, father, Case and the boy, heard this noise, and saw the box upset down. All went down stairs to the porch, except the boy Pontius, and when down a few moments they again started a racket, and the boy went out and found the boy in the hall, and father went into the room on the north side of the house, the door leading thereto from the hall being closed when he approached, and found the clothes chest, which is a good deal larger than the box just described, tipped over. There was clothing in it at the time, and some pillows, a feather bed, and a piece of linen, which had been lying on top of the chest, was found lying on the floor.

Father also found a twenty-gallon keg of whiskey, which contained probably two or three gallons of whiskey, about two or three feet from its place, still rolling, and Case, himself, caught it while still on the go. The barrel had been lying lengthwise against the wall, and was chucked on the side by a piece of board. The father and Case—Case out into the hall, found sister there, and the boy on his way down stairs, half-way down. While yet in the hall, they heard a noise in the sitting room, down stairs, and the boy was at the time on the stairs. The father and Case went into the sitting room, on the east side of the sitting-room. They found, on getting there, the stove turned over. It was sitting against the wall on the north side of the room, half-way between the east and west side, about ten or twelve feet from the door leading to the hall above. One leg of the stove was broken, and the top-plate, also. It was a parlor stove. There were a lot of newspapers lying on a book-case, and they saw the papers moving off the case, and the little boy, Pontius, remarked: "The papers are falling off," and he caught them and threw them back on the case.

All four then went into the kitchen, and the door leading from the kitchen into the bed-room being open, they saw the bed-clothing, feather bed, quilt and all, except the chair tick, on the floor, and the same time heard a noise in the sitting-room, and on trying to open the door leading from the kitchen to the sitting-room, found they could not do it. They then went around through the porch and hall, and entered the sitting room from the rear door, and found the boy standing in the doorway, looking at the mark that he heard a noise in the cellar, they both went into the basement, and found a crock lying on the floor, which had been standing in the window. The boy picked it up and put it back in the window, and they both were going out, and just as the boy put his hand on the door to pull it toward him, the door opened inwardly. Case saw the crock fly from the window into the basement about three feet, as though some one pushed from the outside. Neither of them was within reach of the crock at the time. The crock was broken. As the door was about half closed Case saw an empty fruit jar fly from the same window, breaking all to pieces. There was no one about the house but Case and the boy at the time. They went out of the basement and while they were standing in the front of the house, about fifteen minutes after, they heard another noise in the basement. They went back into the basement, and saw an empty crock on the floor, and a milk crock which was full of sugar, which were standing on the porch, were upset and the milk spilt. They went back into the basement, and saw an empty crock on the floor, and a milk crock which was full of sugar, which were standing on the porch, were upset and the milk spilt.

My sister William is twenty-seven years of age, and brother Samuel is twenty years of age. John was the name that William said. The boy Pontius, being supposed the cause of the trouble, was again sent away to watch the barn, and I finally took him home to his mother's, living a mile and a quarter off. One day he said probably a dozen things: "If only this thing

twelve to fifteen feet off. The case were noticed previous to my falling by my sister. I was in the position described. The bottom of the ax which was standing upright was about the center of the box, about a foot from the wall.

They next heard, while Mary was still cleaning up the milk, a noise, and the boy remarking: "There goes the corn sack," turned round, went to the sack, which was also on the box, and replaced it in its proper position. He then returned to where my sister was, and said in a moment after: "There goes the corn sack." Sister replied: "Well, let it go, the corn will not run out," and just then she heard the corn rattle, and turning round saw the corn running out. When she looked round the first time she noticed the end of the box where the corn sack was, had moved a distance of about a foot toward the center of the porch from the wall.

There was more than a bushel of shelled corn in the sack, and the sack before was well tied. Sister, then said to the boy: "Everything was turning upside-down, and said he should go to the end of the porch and sit down and see if the thing would not settle down."

He went to the south side of the porch, and sat down; just as he sat down he said, "There goes the crock," and by that time she also got to the south end of the porch. She saw a crock which had been standing on the door knell in the yard, at the corner of the porch, moving in toward the porch, and a distance of five feet from the knell, breaking all to pieces, and at the same time the boy remarked: "There, it is now lifting me up again," and sister saw him raised a distance of at least a foot upward from the floor, then he was standing in the air, and sister saw him when sitting, and was instantly let down. Then the boy said: "There goes the flower-pot," and sister turned around to see, she saw two of them which were standing five feet from the porch, tipped over. There were five or six of the pots standing in the room, and sister saw them tipped over, and sister saw them tipped over, and sister saw them tipped over.

Father then came back, and sister told him what had taken place in the basement, and father then, suspecting the boy was the cause of the trouble, sent him across the street to see if he could find some one who would take care of him, and sister saw him when sitting, and was instantly let down. Then the boy said: "There goes the flower-pot," and sister turned around to see, she saw two of them which were standing five feet from the porch, tipped over. There were five or six of the pots standing in the room, and sister saw them tipped over, and sister saw them tipped over, and sister saw them tipped over.

When the dinner bell rang at brother Samuel's for our dinner, my team was at the barn, and brother William was in the yard, and sister saw him when sitting, and was instantly let down. Then the boy said: "There goes the flower-pot," and sister turned around to see, she saw two of them which were standing five feet from the porch, tipped over. There were five or six of the pots standing in the room, and sister saw them tipped over, and sister saw them tipped over, and sister saw them tipped over.

John Zehring, J. P.
GERMANTOWN, OHIO, July 27th, 1871.

don't follow me to uncle Michael's." His mother lives in uncle Michael's.

The boy was a very good boy, obedient and of good sense; in fact, smarter than the average of boys. I took the boy, at the request of his mother, last February, as she was too poor to raise him. I was kept him until he was eighteen years old, and was to board a clothier in him, send him to school, and when eighteen years old was to give him a full suit of clothes, horse, saddle and bridle. The contract was verbal between me and his mother, who is a widow. I should like very much to have kept him, but under the circumstances would not like to take the risk of taking him back.

I am satisfied in my own mind that the trouble was not caused by any living person, nor by any on advance with the boy. All the family liked the boy very much. There has been no less than five hundred persons here to see my premises within the last two days, men, women and children.

The above statements are true in every particular.

BENJAMIN M. STIVER.
Witnesses: W. M. AMPF, J. N. ZEBRING.

We, the undersigned, Samuel Stiver, sr., and Catherine Stiver, the father and mother of Benjamin Stiver above named; Samuel Stiver, jr., William Stiver and John Stiver, brother of said Benjamin; Christina Stiver, wife of said Benjamin; Mary Stiver, sister of said Benjamin, and Leander Case, having heard the statement above given by the said Benjamin Stiver, say that so far as it refers to us, individually, the same is in every respect true,—we having personally witnessed the matters which in his statement he represents us to have seen and heard, and, therefore, certify to the correctness of the said statement.

SAMUEL STIVER,
CATHERINE STIVER,
mark.
SAMUEL STIVER,
WILLIAM STIVER,
JOHN STIVER,
mark.
CHRISTINA STIVER,
mark.
MARY STIVER,
LEANDER CASE,
THE STATE OF OHIO,
MONTGOMERY COUNTY, ss.

Personally came before me, a Justice of the Peace in and for said county, Benjamin Stiver, Samuel Stiver, sr., Catherine Stiver, Samuel Stiver, jr., William Stiver, John Stiver, Mary Stiver, Christina Stiver, and Leander Case, to me for many years well known, and whose statements are entitled to full faith and credit, who, being by me duly sworn, acknowledged the signing of the foregoing statement, and declare and say the same to be true as stated in every particular. And I hereby certify that said statement was made and signed by them in my presence.

JOHN ZEBRING, J. P.
GERMANTOWN, OHIO, July 27th, 1871.

MORE OF THE GHOST STORY.

The Boy Pontius Interviewed.

The reporter of the Cincinnati Commercial Interviews Pontius, the hero of the communication that appears on the first page of our paper. The result is as follows:

I regretted, while in the "ghost" business, the other day, that I was unable to send you the statement of the boy Pontius. He lived with his uncle, some distance from Stiver's, which made it impossible for me to complete the examination in time for Friday's Commercial. Fearing that the omission might lead some to suppose that his statement was intentionally suppressed for fear of spoiling a sensation, and to satisfy my own curiosity, I have just concluded an interview of Pontius.

Your theory, rather explanation, that the boy Pontius may have been at the bottom of all the mystery, while it is an easy way of disposing of the testimony is not satisfactory, nor is it supported by the sworn statement, nor condescended by those who have seen the boy. The witnesses say he could not have done the business without their knowledge—in fact, they say he did not do it. The boy had no motive for such conduct, did not have the physical power to do a great many things described, as he is a boy only nine years of age. He had not the wit or ingenuity to concoct such a thing as a joke or a snarl, or the sense to appreciate it. One intending to play a trick would hardly have persisted in his efforts from Friday until Monday noon, though it must have been a flatterer reward for his enterprise. The boy is a good, obedient boy, and is not mischievous or malicious.

Noting the printed testimony, and you will see half a dozen or more occurrences which took place when the boy was not where he could have had any connection with them, even if he had desired.

It can not be said that there was an optical illusion, because there were eight persons who were eye-witnesses at different times and in different groups and at different parts of the house. The eyes of all were certainly not dimmed.

THE BOY PONTIUS.

is a boy nine years old last June, beautiful and quiet, and does not seem to have intelligence enough to give an explanation of anything he did see.

He does not know the month he was born in. In his interview, which was conducted by Dr. J. R. Donnellan, of Germantown, and myself, we found it quite difficult to get any answers from him, though we rewarded him with all the small change concealed about our respective persons. Samuel Stiver, Esq., was also present, and contributed his quota in aid of our journalistic efforts. His non-responsiveness we attributed to his bashfulness, and to the fact that he had repeated his story until he had got sick of telling it. His mother was also present. He was not sworn, because he does not know the nature of an oath.

We squeezed the following out of him: That he saw a "thing," that is, only his head, which was white and black spotted. It disappeared in the twinkling of an eye; was a mink-like, saw legs of potatoes in the cellar fall over while he was standing on steps; from his description of distance he must have been seven or eight feet off. Saturday afternoon he was hit three times by potatoes thrown at his head. Sunday afternoon the baby he was rocking in the porch, was hit with a cloth thrown from the kitchen, so one being there at the time. Saturday afternoon he saw the two stones fall or slip off while lying on bread-box, he being from his description twelve to fifteen feet off. Sunday evening saw the two guns move about twelve inches, he was about eight feet off. Also Sunday evening, while in bed, saw the sweet potato-box in his room turn upside down; it was half dark in the room; also heard the brooms fall, and a shoe, and felt the bed moving, slipped out and the bed fell over on one side, nothing fell out; he set it up again by pulling himself and then pushed it over; he did not go down stairs then for fear of a scolding.

This was when Samuel Stiver, jr., and his wife came into his room, on Sunday night.

At Samuel Stiver's house he saw the bucket of water fall, pie-dish and crock.

His mother says he has always told the same story.

My interview was not satisfactory for any reason, so far as getting any additional light, and from the fact that what was said by him, was obtained in the nature of a cross examination. Yet enough is shown, I think, to prove that the "boy Pontius" is not the voluntary donor of the wonderful things described.

Your correspondent has only sought to furnish you the facts as nearly as he can, with some necessary description of the people and the locality. He, of course, has no theory on the subject, will not oblige you with one, and serving the privilege of criticizing their theories in the light of the facts. This is good business in hot weather, in a quiet town, when a fellow has not anything else to do.

W. M. A.

A Christian Fire.

The beautiful Spiritualist Hall at Ashby, Ohio, built about two years ago, being among the results of our "missionary labors," has been burnt to the ground. Enough has been recovered to advise our friends there that the great loss was caused by CHRISTIAN HATE AND MALICE AGAINST SPIRITUALISM. It was set on fire about one o'clock at night, and their Lyceum, Equipments, Library and an Organ loaned to the Society by Bro. W. Granger, Conductor, were all destroyed.

Spiritualists of Ohio and the world! This is not a blow at the Spiritualists of Ashby alone. It is a BLOW AT SPIRITUALISM! Let us meet it as such. The building was insured for enough to pay the debt on it and save the loss. It is desired to put another Hall (of brick) upon the same site—at once. The Spiritualists of Ashby are not numerous, but they are faithful and full of courage. They have \$300 pledged already to build another Hall. We ask Spiritualists to aid them. If every Spiritualist in Ohio would contribute ONE CENT EACH, it would BUILD THE HALL.

Send in your contributions at once and let the Hall be built before snow falls again. Any contributions for this purpose sent to W. Granger, Ashby, Ohio, or to A. A. Wheelock, care of AMERICAN SPIRITUALIST, will be promptly acknowledged and the amount and names of the contributors published in this journal. No matter how great or small the amount—the widow's mite is needed. Send it at once.

A. A. WHEELLOCK.

The Twin Suffragists.

"The Golden Age for July 1st, under the title of 'A Legend of Good Women,' gives short sketches of some of the advocates of woman's rights. The following paragraph will doubtless be recalled by our readers:

"Elizabeth Cady Stanton, or, as she is sometimes called, Susan B. Anthony, is a celebrated lady with snow-white and auburn hair, plump and slender figure, Grecian and Roman way and lives simultaneously in two houses—one at Tenafly, N. J., and the other at Rochester, N. Y. Indeed, Mrs. Stanton, or, to tell by her maiden name, Miss Anthony, is a ubiquitous personage, and not only attends all the women's meetings wherever they are held, but she has been known on certain occasions to be writing the resolutions, and at the same moment to be delivering the speech, in their support. It has been sometimes suggested that Mrs. Stanton and Miss Anthony are two distinct persons, united by a conjuring like the Siamese twins, but in the absence of any medical or other scientific proof of this hypothesis, I remain of the opinion that, like Liberty and Union, they are one and inseparable."

—He who asks nature to become his teacher, must, if he would learn anything worth the while, go to her in the spirit of a little child.

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Upon the margin of each paper, or upon the wrapper, will be found a statement of the time when payment should be made. For instance, if John Smith has paid to Dec. 1870, 1871, it will be mailed to Smith to Dec. 1871. The 9 months 1871. If he has only paid to Dec. 1870, it will be mailed to Smith to Dec. 1870, or perhaps in some cases, the last two figures for the year, as 70 for 1870, or 69 for 1869.

Any remittance sent to this office for the Journal, should be made to order, and be a remittance for one or more subscriptions, and written proper names plainly.

CHICAGO, AUGUST 19, 1871.

A SEARCH AFTER GOD.

NUMBER LII.

IF A DESIGN CONNECTED WITH OUR CREATION, IS NOT THE DESIGNER RESPONSIBLE FOR ALL OUR ACTS?

In your patience exhausted in following us in our intricate search, in endeavoring to unveil the Divine Architect of the universe, and demonstrate the true nature of existence? What a charm for us, our "voyage of discovery" has had. At times in the Spirit World, listening to the enrapturing music of the river as it winds its way amid the valleys and the flower-bordered embankment—ah! I can listen to the enchanting music there, behold the constant activity manifested, without having his pulse beat quicker, and a vein of joy start forth in bubbling accents in his soul. Carried along like a child, held, as it were, in the arms of one long in spirit-life, we feel dependent upon him—receive nourishment from his reservoir of thought and feel that we are made better thereby. Occupying a prominent position in the Spirit World where he can discern the workings of forces unseen by us, it is natural for him to desire to explain to humanity the true philosophy of their action. Animated with high hopes, he resolved to present to the world his views of an Overruling Providence, believing that great good would be accomplished thereby. Amidst, then, the grandeur of his spirit home, surrounded with all the best could wish or imagination desire, he looks upon the children of earth as feeding their minds upon error, and he pities them, and is striving to illuminate those views that will give them a more correct and comprehensive idea of their destiny. The minds of the people are constantly agitated on this question, and they desire to see a practical solution of it. Are they worshipping a myth, an image of the brain alone, a mere shadow, as it were, and do they expect to realize any good therefrom? The world has been deprived of Adam and Eve, the Serpent, the account of Creation, the Devil, and now, to lose its God—would it not be a calamity, a heart-rendering spectacle, a sad affair? Why, what an iconoclastic age! What bold utterances! Will the people inquire then? Some will; others will not. The family altar—where we have seen the aged father, the good old mother, with their children and grandchildren around it, and as we heard the petition of the venerable gray-haired priest, uttered in tremulous accents, when all was quiet and serene with those on benediction—would we have dared venture therein and destroy that altar—dash it into a thousand fragments, and best back the sublime prayer that was being uttered? Yes! who would dare do this? A family at prayer—morning and evening devotions—each on benediction—who would invade the "Holy of holies"—the sacred sanctuary, and with ruthless hands, spread terror and dismay around? Have we done it? A thousand voices say yes! If your God is a reality, a living conscious entity, will our ideas destroy him? Why, then, so afraid that the dissemination of such views will do harm? We are seeking for the truth. If a being whom humanity should worship, we have as yet failed to find him.

The whole field has not yet, however, been surveyed—there are many things yet that require our attention, and in their investigation, we propose to go beyond them to the world, that it will be benefited.

The method of some in discussing this subject, are often confused, for they do not clearly understand the proper return to pursue in its investigation, in order to arrive at a specified result. In forming conceptions of a God, he should have a resemblance to something in existence, or no correct idea can be formed of him. In discussing this question, we are necessarily compelled to reason from that which is real, which

has a living, tangible reality, and the moment we step aside from that, the night is impenetrably dark and hideous, and we are lost!

The clock implies a clockmaker, and the presence of the earth, a world-maker. But can we form an estimate of man from the clock? Yes; because we know that man made it. But can we suppose that because man made the clock, that God made man? If so, proceed a little further and ask, if man made the clock, and God made man, who made God? But here you are cornered! That method of reasoning will not answer at all. You lose yourself at once. If you say that man was absolutely created by God, we might declare that God was absolutely created by somebody else.

The watch exhibits evidence of a design, hence must have a designer—man. The universe, the motion of the planets, etc., exhibit greater evidence of a design, hence were devised by God, you may declare.

Design is a ladder with only a few rungs in it. We can prove the existence of a God through its instrumentality in a twinkling—can we? Here is the engine; it exhibits evidence of a designer—man. Here is the universe—it exhibits still greater evidence of a design, hence must have a larger, more extensive designer—God. Here is matter, eternal—it is indestructible; it exhibits still greater evidence of design than the watch or the mechanism of the universe, hence it must have been absolutely created. But the absolute creation of matter is an impossibility. How fallacious such a method of reasoning! We can't find God by any such system of logic. He who thinks he can discover him through evidence of a design in the universe, is very much mistaken. We have seen engines made, hence can form an idea of the mechanic. But the engine itself conveys no evidence that God exists. The fact that man can make an engine is no proof that it would require an infinite man to make a world. But one man don't make an engine—he is powerless alone—it requires men. Why, then, should we infer that one infinite man—God—alone made the earth? If we reason from analogy, why not say many men made it?

What is the source of our knowledge? The universe is. On you form the conception of an animal from the hole it digs? Here is the universe; here are plants, animals, men. God is not like a plant—not like an animal; hence, he must be like man! But in what respect? In form? In capacity? No. Does he think? Can he plan?

For anyone to execute any work implies an original design or plan; a design or plan indicates thought; and thought indicates a thinker, hence, we might say God is an infinite thinker, just as you say he is omniscient or possesses all power. Again, if God thinks, plans, or designs, then executes, we make an infinite laborer of him. Being an infinite laborer, infinite power, he can make no mistake. His details and arrangements would be perfect, and no failure could ensue. Would not man, in fact all his children, carry out his designs in all their acts the same as the planets do his designs in all their motions? If he leaves man a free moral agent, has he any design in reference to him? You may say he designed man to be free—to pursue any course in life he chooses! Then tell me, if he designed him to do that,—to pursue any course in life his own judgment dictates,—now can he do otherwise? For God designed it! If he steals, his own judgment prompted him in accordance with that design, and God is simply responsible—is he?

If God made man, he had a design connected therewith. Will this design ever terminate? God designed this when he made each one: "I will make man; I will construct him so he can think, plan, and execute his purposes. In his thoughts, plans, and the execution of his purposes, he shall be independent of me!"

Would that be a possibility? Can God's design terminate with the creation of man? Emphatically, no! The very fact that he designed him to be independent, carries with it an effect, a responsibility. "I will man to be a free moral agent," said God. Is he not responsible for his acts just as much as if he willed him to be a machine—not a free moral agent? If you acknowledge God as your Creator, you must charge him with all the licentiousness in the world.

Please tell me, scientist, what is the difference between the following:
God says: I will or design man to be a free moral agent—to do as he pleases; or, God says: I will or design man to be a machine—to do this or that.

Would not God be responsible for man's acts in the latter case? and if in the latter case, would he not be in the former also? God, then, if an Infinite Designer, is certainly responsible for all of man's acts; in no case is man responsible for any if a design be connected with his existence. If man bears with him evidence of a design, and we reason therefrom that a designer exists, man at that moment becomes a subject to the design. It cannot be otherwise. If omniscience designs, all power would render those designs inflexible, and would not what he created be subject to them and be nothing but a machine? It will not do to say that God created man with the design that he should be a free moral agent, for there is a design as inflexible there as otherwise.

Now, if God is an Infinite Designer, you could not say that his design ceased with the creation of man. It must extend throughout all eternity, or he would cease to exist. Is it not reasonable to suppose that God would design that man should not in any respect be antagonistic to him? If so, then we charge all the crimes of the universe on him.

God's tender care would be needed, especially after the creation! He would feed you into the world, and then design you to do as you please. A design for you to do as you please, does not relieve God of responsibility for a bad creation—such as criminals are supposed to be.

A design for you to do as you desire, is just as important, and in every sense of the word shapes your acts in life just as much as a design for you to do this or that. Admitting, then, that God is your Creator, possessing attributes to an infinite degree common to humanity, and that he has designs connected with all created objects, then you make him responsible for all the acts of life.

(To be continued.)

THE BOOK ROBBERIES AT ST. PETERSBURG.

Trial and Conviction of Pichler and Wimmer.

St. Petersburg [July 16] Correspondence of the London Standard.

In the month of March I gave an account of an extraordinary case of book stealing from the public library of St. Petersburg by a German Doctor of Divinity, Pichler, who has now been brought to trial. He has not met with the punishment he has so well deserved. In the indictment he is described as a Bavarian subject, 37 years of age, and he is accused of having stolen upward of 4,000 books from the Imperial Library, and of having sold them to the public. He is also accused of having stolen the library marks from the books, and substituting Pichler's name, with the intention of concealing the crime. Pichler is a man of remarkable capacity and great erudition. He was educated at the University of Munich, where he distinguished himself by his proficiency in theology, and attained the degree of Doctor of Divinity. He was subsequently ordained. He was a pupil and follower of Dollinger, and he pretends to have been a friend of that celebrated man. While leading a modest and studious life at Munich, he was fortunate enough to attract the attention of a Russian gentleman of distinction—M. Dolianoff, who had been struck by the merits of Pichler's work on "The Division of the Eastern and Western Churches." This gentleman, who was then Secretary of State, and Minister of Public Instruction, invited Pichler to come to St. Petersburg, where he was very kindly received and introduced to the most distinguished literary men in the metropolis. After going back to Munich to arrange his affairs, he finally came to Russia, in May, 1869, apparently with a view of settling in the country, and he was engaged in the ministry of the Holy Spirit at a salary of about \$400 a year. At the same time, in order to give him facilities for pursuing the theological studies in which he was engaged, Mr. Dolianoff conferred upon him the honorary appointment of Imperial Librarian. This position was invaluable to a man like Pichler, as it enabled him to make free use of the library, a privilege which is very rarely granted.

He began to frequent the library at a time which must have been very favorable for the object he had in view, as there are greater facilities for taking books during the summer than at any other time, most of the employees being absent on leave, and the library being almost deserted. But in August, when readers began to resume their researches, books that were asked for were not to be found, and it became evident that there was something wrong. From the very first some of the librarians had little confidence in Pichler. His strange looks and stealthy ways, his peculiar coat, made apparently to serve the purpose of a carpet-bag and an upper garment at the same time, excited suspicion. It was remarked, moreover, that he never sat down to read seriously; that he always held the library in a hurried manner, and often returned two or three times in the course of the day. In consequence of these suspicious circumstances, he was closely watched, and was at length stopped by the porter, who found a large folio concealed in a bag irregularly stuffed inside of his coat. His books were searched, and the books were found, most of them picked up in cases ready to be sent away. Not content with stealing books, he had out a great many engravings of no value, and had stolen a book of his own, by abstracting portions of them which he carried home for his own use. Most of the stolen books had reference to Pichler's peculiar studies, but he had appropriated a few others, of trifling value, totally unconnected with his branch of study, such as Le Manuel du Tailleur, Manuel de la Danse, etc., which he is supposed to have done to divert suspicion. In his defense Pichler stated that he had only taken the books home for the purpose of reference, which, he considered, he had a perfect right to do, and that the librarians have since taken back his books, provided they leave a written acknowledgment for the works they take away. But he had never observed this formality, and the proofs of his intention were too conclusive to admit of a denial. He was found guilty, and he was sentenced to imprisonment for two years, and was to be sent out of the country.

At Pichler's arraignment a man holding a high position in literary circles, this trial has excited unusual interest. The most implicit confidence had been placed in him by the government, and so highly were his merits appreciated, that he had been rewarded with the cross of St. Stanislaw of the second class. REMARKS.—We give place to the above, not that we delight in showing the dark shades of human nature—like other people, we love sunshine. We love to look at a bright, beautiful picture, especially a life picture of an immortal soul.

But the world must be educated in a true system of philosophy—in the Philosophy of Life. Our paper, the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, is devoted to that subject. The religious world teaches a doctrine—a false doctrine—"regeneration" by the sprinkling of water upon infants, or by the observance of some other form or ceremony, ordained by a council of ecclesiastics.

To the sensible, thinking man, that fallacy is self-evident; to those who do not think for themselves—no matter how high they may stand in popular society—facts must be presented. To that end, we show the shortcomings of the so-called theological, regenerated leaders of the various theological institutions of this and past ages. Indeed, it is a fact unobscured by proof, that the priesthood, considering their numbers, affords a larger proportion of *irregular knowers and writers*, than any other class of educated men. Only and deliberately they set themselves at work to accomplish an object, corrupt and debasing to good morals, and condemned by all correct thinkers.

The case above-mentioned, shows the usual duplicity resorted to by that class of men, and the pervasiveness with which the object is pursued until the end is accomplished, or justice overrules and exposes the culprit. The columns of the secular papers teem with reports of crimes by this class of men; wife murderers, mistress murderers, child murderers, abortionists, seducers of young girls and married women, forgers, horse-thieves, counterfeiters, and villains of every conceivable phase of crime known to the criminal calendar.

Thus far we have been speaking of the clergy,—the teachers of moral ethics,—of those clothed in the garb of evangelical sanctity,—of the long-faced, hypocritical gentry, who are constantly harping against the moral character of Spiritualists. But now let us turn our attention to the devotees of old theology—to those who believe in, and follow such leaders.

Visit the prisons—jails and penitentiaries—and who do we find for inmates—not one in fifty that does not devoutly believe in the doctrines of old theology, in some of its multifarious phases, in the "atonement blood of Christ," and there they die, when they have their fill of sin, they will turn their attention to the "savior," get converted, and go home to glory.

The legitimate fruits of such a faith is to encourage men in crime, believing that by and by, by a single ejaculation of "God have mercy on my soul," the books will be balanced, and the culprit can go home to glory, a pure white-winged angel.

Contrast such a doctrine with the Philosophy of Life, as taught by Spiritualism. All mankind, from infancy onward, are day by day unfolding by exercise, faculties which play their part in the drama of life.

The excessive activity of propensities necessary for propelling, developing, and protecting life, is always at the expense of the higher or crowning elements of man's nature. These excesses result in crime, such as we have above referred to, and until the crowning faculties of the mind are educated and brought into action so as to control and hold in check the propensities, crime is a necessary result, and the grace of God will present no better result with the common religious devotees, than it does with the priesthood, as above shown. The cunning, secret priest may disguise his true nature to a great extent while in this life, and elude the penalty of the law, as Smith, the wife-drowner, and thousands of others like him have done, but to the spiritual eye their true character is apparent, and to the spiritual law, there is no escape. "Those who sow to the wind will reap the whirlwind."

Indeed, the Philosophy of Life teaches that every soul is painting his or her life picture, which is as enduring as the soul itself, and will not only be open to self-inspection in all coming ages of eternity, but subject to the inspection of the clairvoyant spiritual eyes of all other spirits.

Such a life in the spheres. Every touch of life's brush, be it a dash from the passions for unholy purposes, or a finer touch of our highest nature, is permanent and ever enduring, but with this consolation, that even the grossest touch may be amended and made useful in a life picture, by the more delicate and beautiful colors issuing from the refined touches of man's intellectual and moral faculties. Hence the inducement for every soul to act his part well in the drama of life.

Get out of the purgatory of vice; come at once to live in the upper chambers of life; use those beautiful tinted colors only, which shall give beauty to your inner-life picture.

Such are the lessons taught by Spiritualism. How will it contrast with the doctrine of a vicarious atonement?

The Daily Witness.

New York finally has a daily religious paper—The Witness. Its first number was issued July 1st. Its editor, John Dugall, claims to have conducted a similar paper in Montreal for eleven years, with great and constantly increasing success; and he is confident of success in his New York enterprise, because he feels a special call to it, and because he places his reliance on the "blessing of God."

No doubt the "blessing of God" will carry him successfully along, if he has got plenty of "fifty lures," or what is commonly designated as the "root of all evil." Without its assistance, he will be as powerless to carry along his enterprise, as a Quaker rat would be to speculate in stocks, or understand the difference between *intimidation* and *intimidation*. This paper is published in the interest of His Serene Majesty, the "Lord Jesus Christ," and judging from its tone, its allegiance is in no way doubtful. But why does its pious observer give so many accounts of murder, licentiousness, cases of wife-slashing, etc.—do these incidents come under the head of "pure and elevating literature?" No doubt the Lord Jesus Christ feels exultant in the fact that John Dugall has started a paper in his interest, to advocate the merits of his blood, and sustain his claims as the Son of God. But if he is not a better financier in heaven than he is on earth, he will not shower the *spontaneous* freely down upon Mr. Dugall, to aid him in his enterprise. Papers are now published in the interest of Chase, Grant, Colfax, etc., and lastly, in the interest of Jesus. Good! Glad the Bavior is so highly favored, and we ardently hope to see his blood quoted as above among the bulls and bears, and bear-own (Mr. Wood-bull and Miss Caffie), of Wall Street, New York. We presume that Col. Jim Fisk, Jun., who will need several barrels of his blood when he takes his exit to the Spirit World, is a large stockholder in Mr. Dugall's paper.

A paper published in the interest of a spirit, is no new undertaking. Swedenborg has his organ, God has his, while the lesser lights are left in the dark. Poor Adam, he should be represented by a daily newspaper; so should Mother Eve. The Apostles ought to be heard. They prevaricate in the Bible, do not talk straight. The fishermen should have an organ—a periodical. Will not some evangelical society publish one in their behalf? Then there is Sampson, he needs a paper. It is generally believed that he never slew a thousand Philistines with the "jaw

bone of an ass." This is an important issue—did he, or did he not? Assess live only on this—especially those in the Holy Land. No Philistia grew within five hundred miles from the place where Sampson resided; hence it would have been utterly impossible for an ass to live there. Such being the case, we are inclined to the opinion that it might have been the jaw bone of a horse, or an ox, which Sampson used to slay the Philistines. Job also requires a paper, like Swedenborg and Jesus. A paper for him should be issued morning and evening. It is a great question now, whether the Devil actually afflicted Job or not. We are inclined to think that his blood was out of order, and that he was dyspeptic. A paper devoted to his interest, should discuss this question, and determine the character of his boils. A learned physiologist declares they were carbuncles, and bore no resemblance to boils. This question is important, and should be settled. A paper such as John Dugall is publishing as the organ of Jesus, could throw a flood of light on this subject.

The Rev. Dr. Fowler of this city, a Methodist clergyman, should have charge of an organ of that character. He believes in everybody in the Bible, from Genesis to Revelation, and can tell you what caused Job to *howl*, as easily as he could what prompted Jeremiah to lament. Perhaps, however, no spirit of the departed feels the necessity of a newspaper to any greater extent than Job. He chafes to impart to the world the true character of his aquatic excursion, tell what he saw, heard, and felt in the briny deep, when in the stomach of the Leviathan. He obtained during his aqueous submersion, much valuable information in relation to sperm oil, and also discovered a passage to the North pole, and actually saw the hole to the interior of the earth as laid down by Prof. Lyell, fully confirming all he has said. Jonah, like Jesus, should have a newspaper, and it should be devoted exclusively to Salt Water, Whales, and Sperm Oil, showing the wonderful dispensations of providence in those directions.

We wish John Dugall success in his undertaking, hoping that all the luminaries of the Bible may soon have an organ.

Doings of Mediums in Chicago.

Seances are being held in various parts of the city every evening.

At Dr. McFadden, 343 West Madison street, several mediums are usually in attendance—the Doctor allows.

At Dr. T. J. Lewis and wife, at No. 76 Third Avenue, are good mediums, and have a healing institute, baths, etc. It is a good place for people to go and get healed.

Dr. J. Wilson, 460 West Randolph street, is a good healer, and does good business. For many years he has been known to the public as an excellent healer.

Mrs. A. H. Robinson, 148 Fourth Ave., continues to treat the sick in all parts of the country with most remarkable success, under spirit control, upon the positive and negative principles.

By reference to her advertisement in another column, the requisites to be complied with will be readily understood.

She treats by letter, diagnosing diseases by holding a lock of the sick person's hair in her hand, and thus at once comes in rapport with the sick patient, and invariably prescribes a curative remedy, which (by the aid of her hand of healing spirits who attend upon such patients magnetically until fully cured) in all curable cases, never fails. The presence of such spirits has been fully realized in numerous cases, and attested to by those who have been thus cured. Mrs. Robinson is unquestionably one of the most remarkable mediums of the age.

Mrs. Maud Lord on Wednesday evening, held another of her cabinet seances at Mrs. A. H. Robinson's residence, to a crowded house of investigators, among whom were many professional and other gentlemen, and ladies of the highest ranks of Chicago.

Many spirits who were fully recognized by friends, showed their faces and hands on the occasion.

Her seances are of a first-class order and worth good hundreds of miles to witness.

Dr. Sherman and Prof. Lyon, 806 Clark street, are engaged on a new book of a similar Spiritual origin, and even superior to that most valuable work, "The Hollow Globe."

Mrs. Sherman, the psychometrist, continues to delineate character to the entire satisfaction of her patrons.

James Brooks, the developing medium, 806 Clark street, is one of the very best developing mediums of the age. See his advertisement.

Chicago is certainly blessed with good mediums, and is wide awake upon the subject of spirit-communication.

Warren Chase & Co., St. Louis, Mo.

Owing to the large increase in the business of this firm, they have been obliged to give up their fine rooms, and procure a still larger and more convenient and commodious place for their rapidly growing trade. They have therefore leased the store, No. 614 North Fifth Street where we have no doubt their property will increase, and hope it will far surpass their expectations.

Mrs. Robinson's Tobacco Antidote.

The most certain and perfectly harmless antidote for the pernicious effects, and remedy for the tobacco appetite, is known by the above name.

It is compounded by Mrs. A. H. Robinson, the celebrated medium of Chicago, while entranced by a celebrated chemist, long in spirit life. This antidote is warranted to break the habit of using tobacco by the inveterate lover of the weed, when the directions (on each box) are followed.

Agents for selling the same throughout the country are wanted. For sale, wholesale and retail, at this office. Price \$2.00 per box—sent by mail free of postage, on receipt of the money.

Letter from John Corwin.

Q—Does not the character of the manifestations depend as much, or more, on the organization of the medium as on the inspiration?

A—Yes, very much so.

Q—Then pointing out seven men slaying a com-

sure, and perhaps that would disgrace a man. The idea of dragging women down to man's level, point of virtue, is so repugnant to the feelings, strictly at variance with the truth, that the former ought not to have a place in civilized society.

To this creed, all can subscribe without a dissenting vote. And instead of antagonism, there would be a strong bond of union between Christians and Spiritualists.

M. L. B.

Dr. C. Bradley, Trustee.

g and governing planets, is new to me, and is
worth several times the subscription price of
any valuable paper. Of course we would like to
know who made the first planet,—that is human
nature,—but will wait for the good time coming.

Yours respectfully,
A. F. DYAR
East Chatham, Mass.

**An Oration on the Life and Services of the
American Author and Patriot; Delivered
by Robert G. Ingersoll, at Fairbury Ill.,
on the Evening of January 30th 1871.**

Some said it was not to the interest of the colonies to be free. Paine answered this by saying, "To know whether it be the interest of the continent to be independent, we need ask only simple, easy questions: Is it the interest of the continent to be free? Is it the interest of the people who would listen to nothing, and to them I say, 'That to argue with a man who has reasoned his reason, is like giving medicine to a dead.' The settlement ought to adorn the lists of every orthodox church.

Heard a world of political wisdom in this: Heighed lost her liberty in a long chain of reasoning from wrong principles; and she is real despotism," he says. "The colonies are strong, and strong enough to be the spirit of liberty, but not the principle, at the time that they were determined not to save the natives, they owned their power, and the rest of mankind."

and his enemies succeeded in bringing him to
lock, he would have escaped the calumnies
the hatred of the Christian world. In this
ay, at least, he would have ranked with
roudest names. On the anniversary of the

...the Bible? The old bait is confined to the ignorant and zealous. The Church itself will be long be driven to occupy the position of the lame. The best minds of the orthodox world, to day, are endeavoring to prove the existence of a personal deity. All other questions are a minor piece. You are no longer asked to swallow the Bible whole, whole, Jonathan and Samson. You are simply required to believe in God, to pay your pew-rent. There is not now an ordained minister in the world who will sincerely contend that Samson's strength was in

He is enacted by the Right Honourable, the Lord Protector, by and with the advice and consent of his lordship's governor, and the upper and lower houses of the assembly, and the authority of the same:

That if any person shall hereafter, within this province, wilfully, maliciously, and advisedly, by writing, speaking, blasphemous or cursed God, or deny our Saviour Christ, to be the son of God, or shall deny Holy Trinity, the Father, Son, and holy Ghost, or God head of any of the three persons, or the unity be God-head, or shall utter any profane words concerning the Holy Trinity, or any of the persons there-

Every creed is a rock in running water; humanity sweeps by it. Every creed cries to the

39,308 CURES

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POSITIVE & NEGATIVE
POWDERS.**

IN the following list, the total number of cures of different diseases, which have been performed by the Great Spiritual Remedy, PROF. SPENCE'S POSITIVE AND NEGATIVE POWDERS, is indicated by the figures which follow the name of the disease. The kind of Powders which should be used in each case is indicated by the letters "P" or "N," or "P & N," which follow, the name of the disease; "P" standing for Positive, "N" for Negative; and "P & N" for Positive and Negative.

Nervalgia, P, 2,181; Dyspepsia, P, 2,974; Asthma, P, 1,115; Catarrh, N, 1; Chills and Fever, P & N, 1,435; Rheumatism, P, 1,378; Painful Menstruation, P, 1,097; Suppressed Menstruation, P, 934; Female Weaknesses, P, 954; Fever, P, 2,344; Anæmia (Blindness), P, 51; Gout and Colic, P, 1,799; Heart Disease, P, 438; Glottitis, P, 114; Headache, P, 447; Dystentery, P, 1,346; Liver Complaints, 160; Pain and Swelling, P, 801; Scalding, S, 81; Dermatitis, P, 823; Piles, S, 218; Cholera, P, 112; Worms, P, 160; Inflammation, P, W1; Paralysis, P, 12; Adema of the Stomach, P, 307; Eczema, P, 403; Toothache, P, 868; Fatulence, P, 350; Hysteria, P, 84; Diaperia, P, 91; Spontaneous Hemoptical Weakness, P, 1, 411; Kryptosida, P, 32; Constipation, P, 206; Loss of Taste and Loss of Smell, P, 22; Nervousness, P, 472; St. Vitus' Dance, P, 23; Discharge of Prostatic Gland, P, 41; Stricture, P, 1; Syphilis, P, 1,459; Tumors and Cancer, P, 35; Falling of womb, P, 817; Intoxication Urination, S, 15; Influenza, P, 705; Hoarse Ague, P & N, 591; Nervous and Periodical Disorders, P, 515; Typhoid and Typhus Fever, P, 434; Kidney Disease, P, 511; Macularian Diseases, P, 41; Gonorrhea, P, 59; Chloroform Convulsions, P, Fita, P, Diabetes, P, Cholera, P, Cramps, P, Consumption P, Group, P; Disease of the Skin, P, 190; P, 1; Ischaemia, P, 1; Sandifer's, P, Threatened Abortion, P, Quinsy, P, 47—358.

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	or Box, 44 Neg. Powders,	1.00
	or Box, 44 Pos. & Neg. Powders,	1.00
	or Box, 44 Pos. & Neg. Powders,	1.00

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No Silicate of Silver, and is entirely free from the Poisonous and Health-Destroying drugs used in all other Hair Preparations.

Transparent and Clear as Crystal.

It will sell the finest fabric,—perfectly SAFE, CLEAR, and EFFICIENT.—decidedly none sought for and Found at Last!

Restores and prevents the hair from becoming gray

Imparts a soft, glossy appearance removes dandruff, it cools and refreshing to the head, checks the hair from falling off, restores it to a great extent when prematurely lost, prevents headaches, cures all humors, cutaneous eruptions, and skin troubles.

AS A PREPARING FOR THE HAIR IT IS THE BEST ARTICLE IN THE MARKET.

Sr. Dr. Smith, Patentee, Groves Junction, Mass.
Prepared also by FROSTER BROTHERS, Gloucester, Mass.

The guarantee is put up in a patent bottle, made expressly for it, with the name of the article blown in the glass.

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